THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Serious Illness of Mrs. William Hefferman, the Gifted Secretary of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the State of Illinois—Coming Ball of Division 16 at Federation Hall.

How Difficult it is to Please Everybody—Necessity for the Study of Irish History by the Children of Irish-American Families—Other Matters of General Interest.

I regret to note the serious illness of Mrs. Wm. Hefferman, the brilliant State Secretary of the Ladies' Auxiliaries of Illinois. For days she hovered on the dark threshold, but thanks to splendid attendance and excellent constitution, promises to overcome what it was feared would be a fatal illness. During her year's tenure of office Mrs. Hefferman has proved her splendid executive ability and capacity for organization. The Daughters of Erin are inconsolable and their grief evidences the popularity of the gifted speaker of the Ladies' Auxiliaries.

I am anxious to direct special attention to the ball of Div. 16, which will be celebrated on May 24, in Federation hall, Fortieth and State streets. Div. 16 has been sorely taxed financially for some months past. In fact over $500 has been distributed in a little over one year, making a splendid record of the energy and devotion of Brothers James Flanagan, John McGinty and the noble souls associated with them. A complete programme of select dancing music, arranged by the best musicians on the South Side, promises entertainment for the young folks. Don't fail to be there.

I am in receipt of a letter from a cheerful idiot, who tries to poke fun of a most dubious kind between the touchy ribs of the patient "Gossiper." He says I don't mention all the entertainments, balls, etc., given by the order. It is waste of good, even if cheap, ink to answer that we cannot mention that of which we get no particulars. Any notes sent to this office will be carefully attended to if they reach us in time for press not later than Monday afternoon. We explained that for three weeks special matter excluded gratuitous contributions, to our sincere grief and relief of the proofreader. Why then rule it in my friend. Do you think it necessary for assertion of personal dignity to loudly bewail what was a necessary, even if lamentable, omission? Your name will shine in colored caps on the future pages of history.

My valued time was too scarce, of late, to waste on the reproval of abuses of the obligation of the order. It appears, however, the fool-killer or the standing committee has ample work to do, and it may be necessary for my pen to "point" their game. It will be my painful duty to attend to this matter next writing.

The Colorado Catholic welcomes the establishment of the Hibernian Knights in Denver in the following words:

"The Irish is a military race. True it has rarely had much of an opportunity to fight successfully for the freedom of the Old Land, but whatever opportunity came to the young men of Ireland bore evidences of unequaled heroism, daring and magnificent bravery. They were deemed rebels because they failed. Had they triumphed, the world would have cheered them as patriots. But rebels or patriots, few nations have proven more the inherited spirit of self-sacrifice and conspicuous manhood than the Irish.

"It is eminently proper that the Hibernian Knights should have a home in this city. The members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians are of the right stuff to build up, maintain and shed honor upon such a semi-military organization. We are pleased that the responsible authorities in the A. O. H. have taken this matter in hand and hope for a splendid future for the new organization."

This is encouraging for our Knights in Chicago. Interest should be revived in their splendid organization.

On former occasions I had pleasure in publishing clippings from our esteemed contemporary, The Emerald, of Manchester, N. H., and I beg the careful consideration of our members to the following:

"In listening to a discussion among a few brothers, one statement which arrested our attention was, that of 'The young Irish-American element do not seem to be joining the A. O. H. in any perceptible strength, and a large majority of them seem to be ashamed to join the society in which in all probability their fathers are honored members.' We gave this remark a little consideration, and have come to the conclusion that the parents of these young men are much to blame in the matter.

"In how many houses even of Hibernians can you find a history of Ireland? And when it is found, is it very often read by the children? Do the parents ever insist that their children should become acquainted with the glorious period as well as of the sorrowful period of that fair land? These children are sent to school, given a good education, but not four out of every ten can give an intelligent description of the battle of Clontarf, or of the work of the grand heroes and saints of Ireland, nor of the record that Irishmen have made in forming other nations. They can tell but little of the grand work of her statesmen and military chieftains, and, as a result, being ignorant of all this, they listen to the slanderers of our people, and really become ashamed that they are of Irish descent, thereby repudiating their own parents.

"The A. O. H. has a work to do here, and a practical one at that. The order has now affiliated with it a grand Ladies' Auxiliary, and the work accomplished by this branch shows the wisdom of its founders. Let the order take still another step and organize a cadet corps in every city and town where a division of the A. O. H. is in existence. When the boys arrive at the age of 10 or 12 years have them join the corps, and when arriving at the proper age they will be anxious to join the A. O. H., and as a result we will not have the complaint to make that the young Irish-American element are backward in joining the order.

"Make the cadet corps interesting. Plenty of good reading of an Irish character should be furnished. Give monthly prizes of, say $3 to the first, $2 to the second and $1 to the third contestant, for the best composition on Irish history, literature and many other subjects of an Irish nature. This mode of procedure would spur the boys on to excel in this branch of study and learning the glories and trials of Ireland, they will have no reason to be ashamed of the land of their fathers.

"This is a matter for serious consideration. New organizations are springing up that are competing to a large extent with the A. O. H., and the order must take some means to interest the younger element of our race so as to make them worthy successors of the older generation that must in time pass away.

"The national officers should endeavor to bring this cadet question before the several divisions of the country, calling their attention to the importance of this cadet question. By so doing, we think their efforts will take root, and the seed planted in the fertile ground of true Hibernianism, will like the little mustard seed multiply, and the future of our organization will be assured, a healthy Irish national spirit cultivated, that will clear away the indifference now manifested, and a class of Irishmen will be banded together loyal to the laws of this our country, and staunch and firm friends of that little isle across the sea so dear to the hearts of patriotic Irishmen. If ever we expect to realize the hopes of Emmet, the martyred patriot, we must build up a healthy Irish national spirit, in no other way can it be accomplished, and this work of education is the plain duty of the A. O. H. As an order we have given great impetus to the Irish language, now let us do the same for Irish national patriotism, and to do this we must educate the youth."

MOR.

NORTH SIDE HIBERNIANS.

Once more the uncompromising angel of death has called from the ranks of Div. 8 one of the tried and true veterans who has stood by the standard of the A. O. H. with equal faithfulness and determination in its moments of peril and darkness as in its most halcyon days. Today Div. 8 mourns the loss of Brother James McDermott, whose twenty-one years of active service are illumined by many noble acts that are but glittering gems in the crown so nobly won by him. On Monday evening, April 12, the members of Div. 8 convened by special call, and arranged for a representative showing at the funeral of Brother McDermott on the following day. On Tuesday they proceeded to the home of the deceased, and from there accompanied the remains of their old brother and friend to Calvary cemetery, where the last resting-place of their beloved comrade was watered by the tears of those who chanted the "De Profundis."

At the regular meeting of the division on Saturday, April 17, a gloom overspread the gathering when the cheery words and smiling face of Brother McDermott were missed from their wonted prominence. Grief over the inevitable was apparent, and to record their acute sorrow the members adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, By the decrees of Divine Providence the angel of death has summoned from our fold one of our most assiduous and faithful members in the person of James McDermott, and while bowing submissively to the Divine Will, we deeply deplore the irreparable loss sustained by the death of our departed brother; and,

WHEREAS, We recognize that in his death we have lost a member who devoted his life sincerely to the cause of true Hibernianism; whose best efforts were ever directed toward the elevation of his people and the amelioration of their sufferings; whose heart ever burned with an undying love for the land that bore him, as well as for the land of his adoption; whose honesty with men was only surpassed by reverence for his church; whose home was rendered an ideal one by his parental affection and love for those assigned to share with him the joys and sorrows of life; whose entire career stamped him as a sterling Hibernian, a faithful Catholic, a devoted husband and a loving and indulgent father; and,

WHEREAS, The lives of the departed faithful should be commemorated and cherished for the guidance and wisdom of the living, that their good deeds and example may be a source of inspiration to us; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Div. 8 most respectfully and sincerely tender to the sorrowing family of our deceased brother our most heartfelt sympathy and condolence in their hour of affliction and bereavement, with the hope that reconciliation to the holy will of God shall enable them to bear their loss, and sustain them till all meet in the happy home above; also be it

Resolved, That as a token of respect to our departed brother, our worthy president cause the colors of Div. 8 to be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days; that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the records of our division, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to THE CHICAGO CITIZEN and New World for publication; also

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted under seal to the family of our deceased brother.

JOHN J. SHERLOCK,
THOS. F. MONAHAN,
D. F. CANNON,
R. G. MCHUGH,
JAMES A. DONOVAN,
Committee.

The annual turn-out to Holy Communion, provided for by the constitution of the Order, will be observed by Div. 8 on Sunday, June 13, at the Holy Name Cathedral.

At the last meeting of the County Board permission was granted Div. 8 to hold a picnic on Sunday, June 27. The place has not been selected yet, but such will be speedily arranged, and the many friends of the North-siders will anxiously await the arrival of the day when Div. 8 will make a first attempt to excel as out-door entertainers.

J. J. S.

THE OIREACHTAS.

[*To the Editor.*]

GAELIC LEAGUE, 1 SACKVILLE PLACE, DUBLIN, March 13, 1897.—We beg leave to apply, through your columns, to the patriotism and generosity of the Irish race in America for support on behalf of the Oireachtas, or Gaelic Literary Festival, which will be held in Dublin on May 17 next. It is proposed to offer prizes for original essays, poems and songs in the Irish language, and for the recitation of Gaelic pieces. The compositions sent in will be read at the public meeting, and the awards will be made in public by a committee of distinguished Irish scholars, who will act as adjudicators. It is fully expected that an annual prize meeting of this description would have a very stimulating effect on the Irish language movement. The coming festival will be the first of its kind held in Ireland for nearly nine hundred years, and we earnestly appeal to our fellow-countrymen to provide us with the necessary financial assistance to carry the project to a successful issue. If a sum of even £100 is quickly subscribed the committee would be enabled to go on with the proposal. Signed on behalf of the executive committee of the Gaelic League.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D., Pres.
JAMES CASEY, Sec.
JOHN MACNEILL, Gaelic Journal.

In connection with the great Feis Ceoil, or musical festival, the Gaelic League has decided to hold an Oireachtas, or public assembly, at which the committee will offer prizes for the best original compositions in Gaelic. The competitions, which are open to every person, whether resident in Ireland or not, and irrespective of nationality, will be as follows:

First—Essay (Irish) on the Influence of Language on Nationality.

Second—Historical Poem (Irish) on the Gaelic Race, or any incident in Irish History.

Third—Three Lyrical Poems (Irish), each not to contain more than six stanzas.

Fourth—Recitation (Irish) in either prose or poetry.

Fifth—A Song of the Movement (in Irish), with chorus suitable for singing at Gaelic League meetings.

All poetry must be written according to recognized Irish metres, and all compositions must bear assumed names or mottoes only.

The Oireachtas will, by reason of its character and novelty, tend to fix universal public attention on the Irish language movement; it will help in obliterating dialectical differences, and in fixing the literary standard; it will make way for the creation of a modern Irish literature; it will encourage, and be a bond of union to all workers in the revival of Irish, and, finally, it will rally the Irish nation for the maintenance of the native tongue.

To make this meritorious project fully effective, however, funds are necessary, and it is hoped that the supporters of the Gaelic movement in this country will respond liberally. In order to save subscribers the trouble and expense of remitting small sums direct to Ireland, the Gaelic Society, 64 Madison avenue, New York, which is affiliated with the Gaelic League of Dublin, will receive subscriptions for the Oireachtas, and will forward the same to the treasurer of the League without delay.

Musical and Dramatic Entertainment.

A musical and dramatic entertainment will be given by St. Malachi's T. A. & B. society in the school hall, Western avenue and Walnut street, Wednesday evening, April 28. A comedy-drama in two acts, entitled "Hickory Farm," will be given, and the following will take part in the programme: J. M. Feron, M. A. Clifford, F. McNulty, O. Marsolais, Mr. Holroyd, J. Muldoon, D. Barry, R. Short, Miss Anna Doyle and Miss Mae Smith. Admission 25 cents.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

Interesting Lecture by Dr. Conan Doyle the Renowned Novelist, on the Exploits of the Irish Troops in the Service of La Belle France.

The Brigade Fought in Eighty-Seven Pitched Battles and Covered Itself and Ireland With Immortal Glory.

(*United Ireland, April 3.*)

Last Sunday evening Dr. Conan Doyle delivered a lecture on "The Irish Brigade," to the members of the Irish Literary society, London. Mr. R. Barry O'Brien presided, and the large and beautiful hall of the Society of Arts, John street, Adelphi, in which the meeting took place, was crowded to excess. Dr. Doyle, who received a very enthusiastic reception, said he was acquainted with a few more interesting incidents in history than those which led to the formation and existence for a hundred years of the Irish brigades in the service of France. That so large a body of men should engage under the colors of a foreign nation, that they should fight mainly against the government which claimed their allegiance, and that they should be able for a period of three generations to keep themselves well officered by Irish gentlemen of the best Catholic families, and their ranks filled with the best fighting material of Ireland, was certainly a most extraordinary phenomenon. The existence of a military organization of this unnatural sort for so long a period was unique, he thought, in the world's history, and told more than any words could do of the abominable misgovernment of Ireland by Great Britain in the Eighteenth century (applause). During a century the history of the Irish brigades was entwined with the military history of France. Their lives were spent in fighting against Great Britain. He found in his notes eighty-seven engagement in which they had burnt powder. They helped the French to victory; they covered the French retreat in three engagements; they fought against their persecutors again and again; and their presence turned defeat into victory for their adopted country. The cases of Cremona and Fontenoy were admitted on all hands, and then at last milder laws prevailed in Ireland. Some limited measure of justice was due to the native population, and instantly the brigades in France began to dwindle and disappear.

The student of history who tried to collect information about the brigade found his materials very limited. There was, of course, O'Callaghan's History, and there was O'Connor's work upon the subject. Then for the latter days of the brigade there was Mrs. O'Connell's recently published book, "The Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade," and finally, there was scattered information in various military memoirs. He had no doubt that among the old Irish families who had been intimately associated with the brigade—such families as the Dillons, the Nugents and the Walshes—there must be letters and papers about the matter; but it was a curious thing that during one hundred years the brigade never found among its officers a single man to give any intelligible account to the world of their aims, their organization and their exploits. What would we not have given had there been a Napier among these numerous educated gentlemen who passed, he was afraid, many hours over the dice and the bottle which might have been devoted to rearing a monument over their own cause? Still, when one thought of these eighty-seven engagements one should make excuse for them, and realize that a tent was more familiar to them than a study, and their fingers were more at home on a trigger than on a pen (applause).

After the raising of the siege of Limerick in 1691, which terminated the Jacobite war in Ireland, 24,000 men, all trained soldiers of great endurance and hardihood, with an experience of several campaigns, passed out of Ireland, but not out of history, for they went only from a small stage to a larger one, and exchanged the obscure warfare of their island for a service which filled the eyes of Europe, and which made their names famous in the history of the last century. The war minister of Louis XIV. seized upon the body of men with avidity, and proceeded to break them up into twelve regiments to fit into the French military establishments. This was very hard upon the officers of the old Irish regiments, who found themselves deprived of their commands very often, or, at any rate, reduced to a lower rank. It was interesting to look over the names of the original officers of the Irish brigade. They were, for the most part, Celtic, though leavened by a few English and Scotch Jacobites, and a few Anglo-French families. There were, for example, Prendergasts, Butlers and Laceys, but the majority were O'Carrolls, Murphys, Burkes, McCarthys, Powers, O'Neills, McMahons and O'Mahonys. In each regiment were many poor Irish gentlemen who could not get commissions, but who depended upon the generosity of their more fortunate kinsfolk until such time as the French king might find an opening for them.

The bulk of the men during the great campaigns at the end of the Seventeenth and opening of the Eighteenth centuries was made up by having special agents in Ireland, who were liable to be hanged if detected by the government, but who were well paid for their work. The purest Celtic and Catholic breed was in Munster and Connaught, and it was from these two provinces that the recruits chiefly came. There had always been a great smuggling industry carried on between the indented coast of the west of Ireland and the ports of France. The arbitrary interference by England with the Irish woollen trade had increased this industry, and numbers of boats were engaged in carrying wool to France. Few of these ever sailed without having on board four or five stout lads, who were ready to fight under the lilies of France. These boats brought claret and brandy, lace and silk to the coasts of Kerry, Clare or Cork, and then returned with wool and men. It was on those occasions, when the stout young peasant was missing, and the big sail of the smuggler was seen in the morning upon the southern horizon, that the word was passed round that the "wild goose" had flown. As to the language of the brigade, it was usually Gaelic, for most of these Western peasants spoke nothing else. So common was it in the ranks, that those officers who knew nothing of it were compelled to learn it. Up to 1745, when it was to a Gaelic war cry that the brigade broke into the English column at Fontenoy, Gaelic was the speech of the soldiers. The officers spoke English and French, but after a generation or two had passed many of them were practically Frenchmen, and spoke no English at all.

The uniform of the Irish regiments was a red coat with different colored facings and white knee breeches. The red coat occasionally deceived their English enemies, and occasionally their French friends, who fired into them more than once under the impression that they were British troops. As to the view which the Irish regiments took of their own position, it could not too often be insisted that though, no doubt, they became embittered later on in these early years of their existence, there appeared to have been no strong feeling as Irishmen against England. Ireland had never been a [illegible] as a whole, and the idea of [illegible] was not one which was familiar to the age. They looked upon themselves as loyal British subjects, who were supporting what they believed to be their rightful king against his enemies. They no more thought of the independence of Ireland than the Highlanders who supported Charles Stuart thought of the independence of Scotland. They were Jacobites, with Scotch and English Jacobite officers among them, and they had no objection at all to the British crown if they could get a man of their own choice to wear it. By a chivalrous fiction they endeavored to show that they were not in the service of Louis, but of James, so that the fallen monarch might perhaps feel that he stood, not in the relation of a dependent, but of an ally to the French king. He (the lecturer) only knew two occasions where armies composed mainly of British troops were defeated upon the continent last century. They were Almanza in 1707, and Fontenoy in 1746, and on each of these occasions Irish troops helped to turn the fight against them. Sin would be punished in this world, and if they sowed penal laws in Ireland they would reap humiliation abroad (applause).

The British government of the day showed what they thought of the value of the Irish soldiers in the service of France by at once passing several laws by which any recruit leaving Ireland should lose all civil rights and be liable to death if he returned. George II. was reported to have cried out when the news of the battle of Fontenoy reached him: "Accursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects." Henry Grattan once said: "We made our own laws at Fontenoy. The victorious troops of England were stopped in their career of triumph by the Irish brigade, which the folly of penal laws had shut out from the ranks of the British army." The Irish regiments, like all foreign mercenaries, were attached to the king who paid them, rather than to the Constitution, and at the French revolution in 1789 they sided with the king. Several of the Irish officers were sacrificed for their loyalty to Louis. When the Bourbons fled from France and were followed by their adherents, the officers of the Irish regiments threw their lots in with the exiled monarch exactly as their great grandfathers had done before them. The English government had taken the same side, and so by the whirligig of fate these century-old opponents found themselves on the same side. The Duke of Fitzjames with all the officers of the Brigade passed into the service of the British government, and were employed in raising regiments in Ireland, which, in order to combat English Protestant prejudice, were to be used only abroad. In 1814, when the French king was raised to the throne of his ancestors, the surviving officers of the Irish brigade assembled around him.

The Duke of Fitzjames, in presenting them, said: "Sire, I have the honor of presenting to your majesty the survivors of the Irish brigade. These gentleman only ask for a sword and the privilege of dying at the foot of your throne." An attempt was then made to reconstruct the brigade in the French service, but the French king was under such a deep obligation to Great Britain that he could not do anything to offend her. In any case it must have failed, for the conditions which produced the brigade had happily and finally passed away. With Catholic emancipation the struggle between Britain and Ireland passed from the camp to the Senate house, and a long succession of successful attacks upon bigotry and prejudice had at last opened some prospect of an enduring and natural bond between them (applause).

A vote of thanks was passed to the lecturer, on the motion of Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., seconded by Mr. G. A. Greene, and supported by Mr. D. Mescal, Mr. Stephen Gwynn and Dr. Butler.

A vote of thanks to the chairman brought the proceedings to a close.

The Artist as the Outcome of His Age.

It is a sublime concept to view the emergence of art and letters under the action of a law more potent and far-reaching than the artist himself, more wonderful in its results than the limited consciousness in the bosom of any man. Verdi and Liszt and Wagner came in a certain age of the world, bringing their celestial harmonies with them. They did not create these harmonies, but expressed them. They were found worthy by the age to utter forth its music and to transmit it to the centuries to come. Is it not clear that these sons of genius issued from a sphere more capacious than that in which their own small lives revolved? The "Trovatore" came through Verdi's organs. He wrote it in symbols on a paper score. He heard it and repeated it. The Tower song rises like the voice of an angel, clear and triumphat above the funeral sorrows of the "Miserere." It is the cry of an age swelling bird-like over the sorrowful symphonies of the past. What are the "Hungarian Rhapsodies" of Liszt or the "Parsifal" of Wagner but harmonized expressions of the struggling wings of thought, clashing in midair of our century of doubt and longing, touched with the silvery tones of occasional hope, darkened with a thousand griefs, and intermingled with the growlings and discords of despair? What are the highest forms of all our art but the blossoms and fruits of an epoch deep-rooted in the past, drawing its nutriment out of darkness and light, out of intrigue and heroism, out of war and victory, out of the anticipated heaven to come and the receding hell? Statues of marble and bronze, glorious creations of the canvas flashing [illegible] vision of the beholder like the [illegible] tions of another world, immort[illegible] flut[illegible]ring in lyric verse ab[illegible] he[illegible]ows and orchards or[illegible] epi[illegible]s eaglewise over the [illegible] the expressions of something larger and sublimer than the individual life of man! True, they are the works of man; but he, their producer, is only the organ of the age, the conscious agent of the transmission of forces stronger and nobler than himself, and of their expression in forms of imperishable beauty. Monuments rise, memorial arches bend over our heads, temples thrust up their marble spires, glorious windows transmit their mellow light to nave and chancel; but these magnificent works of art are not the expressions of local and individual thought only, but rather the embodiment and tangible outline of the dreams of the race.—John Clark Ridpath in the Arena.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and it acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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Is Consumption Contagious?

The question of isolation for those afflicted with consumption is being widely discussed by the health boards of the great cities. Many leading scientists believe this method of checking the disease impracticable and that the pharmacopœia must furnish the means of eradication. The discovery by Dr. Stevens of "Cannabis Sativa," the East Indian Consumption Cure, is the greatest step of medical science towards conquering this dread disease. Thousands of cases, pronounced hopeless, have been entirely cured, and there is no longer any question of the remarkable efficacy of this wonderful remedy in curing all diseases of the lungs, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases. To any one suffering from any of these diseases, who will enclose a stamp and mention this paper, the recipe will be mailed free. Address W. A. Noyes, Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac of your druggist, under guarantee to cure, 50c or $1.00. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

PEOPLE DROWNING.

CALL FOR HELP FROM COON'S LANDING, LOUISIANA.

Two Breaks in the Embankment Reported at That Point, and Others Elsewhere—Thousands of Destitute People To Be Provided For.

Vicksburg, Miss., April 20.—Major J. H. Willard, U. S. engineer, has just received a dispatch from the master of the steamer Florence, ordered Sunday night to Coon's Landing, La., to rescue flood sufferers, asking him to send all the skiffs obtainable by the first steamer, as the people are drowning and cannot be reached except by skiffs. Coon's Landing is about thirty-five miles from this city and is being flooded by the Biggs crevasse. A dispatch arrived at midnight from Ashwood, La., says the water is rushing rapidly into the swamps of Tensas parish, which are inaccessible by steamer, and this dispatch arouses many apprehensions. Relief work here is depending upon private charity, upon which the burden is daily heavier. Thousands have arrived and thousands are coming. The levees are covered with fugitives. Chairman Grayton, of the colored relief committee, says 7,000 persons are in distress here.

Later.—A dispatch from the valley route operator at Hays, Miss., referring to the foregoing, says the calamity at Coon's Landing is due to a break in the levee there and that another has occurred opposite Rodney. No details have been received. Boats cannot be sent before morning.

Condition Slightly Improved.

The United States steamer Vidette arrived at 6 p. m. from below in charge of Captain W. R. Brown, assistant United States engineer under Lieutenant Newcomer. He reported a break in the Reid levee, one mile below the saw-mill and one and a half miles below the Biggs break. At 3 p. m. the break was 300 feet wide and not widening fast, as the water behind the levee from the Biggs break prevented it going through with any great velocity. Captain Brown states that the condition is slightly improved along the upper portion of the line and also that only a small force is at work maintaining any protecting work already done. There has been a fall of two-tenths from Goodrich, in East Carroll parish to this point. The water from the Reid break joins that from Biggs' levee and will only add to the volume of water going east.

Memphis Has Sufficient Funds.

Memphis, Miss., April 20.—Calls for aid have been sent out from sections of the overflowed Mississippi delta, and while the waters are slowly receding the suffering and destitution increases. The situation throughout the delta is about the same as on Sunday. It was a beautiful day in the flood-stricken section, and the planters hope that the waters will be carried away in time to [illegible] a good crop. At Memphis the [illegible] is slowly falling and at Cairo a [illegible]d fall is reported. The Memphis [illegible] committee has issued a card [illegible]ng that "in the judgment of the [illegible] committee the funds now in [illegible] will, in all probability, be sufficient [illegible] demands, and that contributions to the Memphis relief committee should cease."

NEWS FROM DOWN AT NATCHEZ.

The Way the Glasscock Levee Let the Mississippi River Through.

Natchez, Miss., April 20.—The first break on the Concordia parish front occurred on Sunday morning last, when the Glasscock levee gave way. This levee is located about twenty-eight miles below Natchez and is near the lower end of the levee system of the parish. It is an old levee and has received no attention since 1891. There was a large force of men at work on it Sunday, raising and strengthening it. They were working their way to the lower end of it when suddenly the laborers saw the muddy water begin to bubble up at the lower end, and in less time than it takes to tell it the seething water tore a great hole through it, and work on the embankment was at once stopped.

The water rushed through at a great rate and began spreading out in the low lands adjacent. The catastrophe was not unexpected, and its disastrous effects were in a measure discounted by reason of all the stock and other perishable property having been previously removed. The water from this break will inundate the lower part of the parish of Mooreville down to Brabston, covering a number of fine plantations, but it was expected that most of this section would go under anyhow from the overflow that will take place in Black river from the Biggs crevasse, below Delta. It will entail a vast amount of suffering of the people of the neighborhood, and relief will have to be extended to them.

Last night the crevasse was reported to be from 800 to 1,000 feet wide and still caving. The river at Natchez has fallen 20-100 in the past forty-eight hours, but again shows a rising tendency. This city is fast filling up with flood sufferers, and every effort will be made to care for them. Stock of all kinds continues to pour in by the steamboat load. All the other levees are in good shape and little apprehension is felt for them.

Specimen of Cuban "Specials."

New York, April 17.—Una Melton, one of the Competitor prisoners, cables to a New York paper that the Spanish evacuation of Cuba has commenced, 450 soldiers having embarked from Havana for Spain. It has been given out by Spanish authorities that the men to leave were sick and wounded, but that was merely a ruse to cover the fact that the withdrawal of Spanish troops has commenced.

Omaha Is Probably Safe.

Omaha, April 17.—The river is still falling at this point, and there is evidence that the worst damage from the flood has been done. The stream across the north bottoms is still discharging an immense volume of water into Cut-Off lake, but the dykes across the bottom are holding well, and the receding river must soon reduce the influx.

Defaulted and "Sloped."

Birmingham, Ala., April 20.—A special from Albertville, Ala., to The State Herald says: County Superintendent W. W. Kidd, of Marshall county, has defaulted and gone to parts unknown. His shortage is about $4,000.

THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Synopsis of the Proceedings of the Lawmakers at Washington.

Washington, April 15.—The only thing of interest in the senate yesterday was a test vote on the tariff, the question being on the reference to a committee of Vest's resolution declaring illegal the order of Secretary Gage with reference to the retroactive clause of the tariff bill. The Democrats opposed reference and lost—24 to 23. The left-over Indian appropriation bill came up, but Morgan made a long speech, and nothing was done on the bill. The president sent to congress a message urging suitable provision for the representation of the United States at the Paris exposition of 1900.

Washington, April 20.—The senate passed the Indian appropriation bill yesterday. It is substantially the same as it passed the house. Resolutions of inquiry were agreed to asking the secretary of state as to the operation of the reciprocity treaties made under the McKinley act. Vest introduced his resolution declaring illegal the recent order of the secretary of treasury relative to imports arriving after April 1. After the executive session the senate adjourned as a mark of respect to Representative Milliken, deceased. In the executive session it was agreed to vote on the ratification of the arbitration treaty on May 5.

MRS. TILTON HAS PASSED AWAY.

Career Clouded by a Great Scandal Ended with a Night Funeral Service.

New York, April 16.—Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, the wife of Henry Ward Beecher's accuser, died on Tuesday last at her home in Brooklyn. The news of her death was not made public until yesterday.

Since the famous Beecher trial she has lived in strict retirement. In recent years she had shared her home with her widowed daughter. Even the fact of her death was kept secret, and there are no external signs of mourning about the house where her body lies. Theodore Tilton, her husband, is in Paris, where he has lived ever since the Beecher trial.

For a long time Mrs. Tilton was almost totally blind, but less than a year ago she underwent a difficult operation and regained her sight. About a month ago she suffered a paralytic stroke, from which she was slowly recovering when in the latter part of last week she was again stricken. The funeral services were held last night. Few were admitted to the house. Malachi Exeter, a preacher of the Plymouth Brethren, to which sect Mrs. Tilton belonged, officiated. The interment will take place today.

COSTLY BLAZE AT NEW ORLEANS.

Wipes Out a Whole Block and Costs the Owners $400,000.

New Orleans, April 16.—One of the most picturesque business structures in the city, known as the Moresque block, owned by Gauch & Sons, was totally destroyed by fire yesterday. The conflagration broke out shortly after 1 o'clock, and in an incredibly short space of time the whole building was a mass of flames that burned with a velocity absolutely astonishing. At half past 2 the edifice had collapsed, and upwards of $400,000 had gone up in smoke.

The Moresque building occupied one entire block, bounded by Camp, Poydras and Church streets and Lafayette square, and its walls were built entirely of iron in a design known as the Moorish. The Montgomery Furniture company, and Gauch, Sons & Co., crockery merchants, were the tenants of the building, and both firms carried full stocks. The fire is supposed to have originated in the top floor of the Montgomery section.

DISAPPEARANCE OF A MINISTER.

Has Much the Appearance of Another Dr. Cronin Tragedy.

LaGrange, Ind., April 17.—Rev. A. L. Case, of Tekonsha, has mysteriously disappeared. He has been gone since last Tuesday and all efforts to find a clew to his whereabouts have failed. The disappearance has been likened to the Dr. Cronin case of Chicago, as Case was called to the bedside of a dying member of his congregation, but the call was never made. He came to town from his country farm and hitched his horses in front of a friend's house, where the horses were afterwards found. It is learned that he had sent a letter to his wife saying it was better that they should part, but it is thought the letter is not genuine.

Sutherlin Goes Up for Life.

Plymouth, Ind., April 16.—After an argument, covering twenty-four hours, the jury in the famous Sutherlin murder case retired at 6 o'clock Wednesday evening, reaching a verdict at 5 o'clock yesterday morning. The defendant, William Sutherlin, was found guilty of murder in the second degree, in killing W. E. B. Fetters, and he was ordered imprisoned for life. A new trial is asked for. The verdict gives general satisfaction. The prisoner retained that calmness characterizing his demeanor throughout the trial.

Cuban Dollars To Be Issued.

New York, April 20. — The Journal says: The Cuban dollar will be on the street within a few days. It will be a silver coin of the exact size of the Spanish coin known as five pesetas. One million dollar's worth of bullion is to be converted into the coin, which, even if it is no more than a souvenier of the Cuban struggle, will still be worth its weight. The Cuban junta indorses the circulation of silver coin bearing the stamp of the provincial government.

Honor to Grand Army Officials.

Chicago, April 20. — General T. S. Clarkson, of Omaha, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic; Adjutant General Charles E. Burmeister, and Colonel J. C. Winans, senior aid-de-camp, who arrived here Sunday, were given a reception and camp-fire at Central Music hall last night by the Commanders' association of Chicago. Tonight Colonel and Mrs. W. P. Rend will hold a reception for General Clarkson and staff at their home, 153 Ashland boulevard.

Death of a Rich Miner.

Seattle, Wash., April 16.—A special to The Post-Intelligencer from Grand Forks, B. C., announces the sudden death of Captain Carter, a well-known character of the camp, said to be a brother of Senator Thomas Carter of Montana. He leaves a mining property valued at $800,000.

EASTERN TROUBLE.

WHICH ONE OF THE COUNTRIES STRUCK THE FIRST BLOW

The Question That Europe Is Required to Answer—Somebody Struck It and Turk and Greek Are Fighting All Along the Line.

London, April 19.—The situation in the east has not been cleared by the declaration of war so far as the powers are concerned. If they manage to confine the trouble to the two nations now is the aggressor. Both Greece and Turkey declare it was the "other fellow," and Turkey, in the official document that brought about the culmination of the strain that has existed for weeks, very artfully avoids "declaring war," as follows: War has not been officially declared between Turkey and Greece, but it has been declared officially to have "broken out." The Turkish cabinet has decided to sever diplomatic relations with Greece, and has ordered Edhem Pasha, the commander of the Turkish forces, to take the offensive. But war between Turkey and Greece has actually begun, Turkish declarations that war has "broken out" being merely for the purpose of diplomatically putting the onus of the war upon the kingdom of Greece.

They Are All Turkish Facts.

The facts relied upon to support this position are that the Greek regulars advanced into Turkish territory Friday and attacked the sultan's troops; that the whole of the past week was one of invasions by the Greeks, but that Friday's invasion was one of regular Greek troops, "thus establishing war," without agression by the Turks. The word "facts" above is used as if used by a Turk; the porte says the above statements are facts. The Greeks say they are not. The porte says that Turkey has no idea of conquest, and as a proof of pacific sentiments the sublime porte offers to retire the Turkish troops on the frontier if Greece will retire her forces from the frontier and from Crete. These statements are made in a circular to the powers.

Greeks Have Their Own Story.

Now as to the Greek position, they claim that the "outrage at Prevesa" was practically the opening of the war. As for the alleged invasion of Turkish territory by Greek regulars the Greeks hold that it was an attempt upon the part of the Turkish forces to occupy a strategic position near Mount Analipsis, not far from Nezoros, in the neutral zone, which led to the encounter on Friday between the Greeks and the Turks. This, it is added, was used at Constantinople as a reason for ordering Edhem Pasha, the Turkish commander-in-chief, to assume the offensive, and led to the rupture of diplomatic relations between the two countries. Little news of a reliable nature has been received at Athens or is allowed to leak out regarding what has really transpired on the frontier. It is known, however, that the whole frontier of Thessaly has been blazing with murderous firing since early yesterday morning.

Delyannis States His Case.

The Greek case is stated plainly by Delyannis at a special sitting of the legislative assembly held at Athens yesterday. The public galleries were crowded. Amid intense excitement Delyannis, the premier, announced that the Turkish government had notified Greece of the rupture of diplomatic relations on the ground of the aggressive attitude of the Greek government. In a cool but diliberate speech he reviewed the recent events to show on the contrary that Turkey had been the aggressor; that her troops had attacked the Greeks and attempted to occupy neutral positions, and that her batteries at Prevesa had sunk the Greek ship Macedonia.

"Turkey," said Delyannis, "declares war against us. We accept it."

This statement was received with prolonged cheers from the galleries and the floor of the chamber. Athens and all of Greece accept war gladly.

GREEKS BOMBARDING THE TURKS.

Naval Attack on the Forts at Prevesa—The Frontier Fighting.

Athens, April 19.—[Copyrighted, 1897, by the Associated Press.]—The Turkish batteries at Prevesa, on the north shore of the entrance of the Gulf of Arta, where according to the treaty of Berlin the Turks had no right to erect fortifications, fired on and sank a Greek steamer, the Macedonia, yesterday morning while she was atempting to leave the Gulf of Ambracia. The crew of the steamer were saved by boats from the shore, but the captain of the Macedonia was severely wounded. Upon receipt of this news the Greek government sent orders to the Greek fleet in the Gulf of Ambracia to bombard Prevesa Consequently the bombardment of Prevesa commenced yesterday morning.

It appears that the bombardment of Prevesa only began at 11:30 a. m., whereas Turkish forces there opened a hot fire upon Actum at 5:30 a. m. Actum was formerly a telegraph station, but the building was converted into a fort and was garrisoned by 500 men. The Turkish fire completely destroyed it. At 10 o'clock a. m. the Shafidaki fort fired a few shots on a Greek gunboat, which replied, effectually silencing the Turkish battery. At 11 o'clock the Greeks began to attack the Turkish forts outside the entrance of the gulf, partly to divert the enemy's attention and partly in order to prevent the massacre of the Greeks at Prevesa. The Greek ironclad Spetzai has arrived to assist in bombarding Prevesa, and the gunboats continue to bombard from inside the gulf.

The firing opened at long range. The first shot was sent by the Greek warship Basileus Georgios, the cruiser Nauarchos Miaulis taking up the fire. The Hamidieh and Pantokatoros batteries returned the fire, but their practice is not good. At 3:25 p. m. a shell from the Nauarchos Miaulis fell fairly in the Hamidieh battery. A dispatch just received says that the Skafididi batteries have been completely destroyed. The Greek battery at Kefalipanaghia co-operated effectively with the flotilla in the bombardment.

London Audiences Are Modest.

London, April 19. — The first performance of "On Leave" at the Avenue Theatre showed a rather thin French farce which had been ruined for a London audience by reason of two actors exchanging trousers before the footlights.

FUNERAL OF SENATOR VOORHEES.

Many Distinguished Men from All Parts of Indiana Present.

Terre Haute, Ind., April 16.—In the presence of a concourse of people, which included Governor Mount, ex-Governor Matthews, and many of the most distinguished men of the state, as well as a large percentage of the population of this city, the remains of Daniel W. Voorhees were committed to the grave yesterday afternoon. Among the honorary pall-bearers were the venerable Richard W. Thompson, always a vigorous opponent of Voorhees on the political forum, and Riley W. McKeen. Nearly every one present was a sincere mourner, and at few funerals has the element attracted by curiosity been so small.

The interment was under the management of the Masonic order, and was preceded by a funeral service at St. Stephen's Episcopal church, in which Mr. Voorhees was confirmed long after he had reached years of maturity, and in fact but comparatively few years ago. The funeral cortege consisted of a platoon of police, the Ringold band, Co. B., I. V. I., the Bar association, the Indianapolis delegation, the Jackson club, the Fort Harrison club, the Terre Haute club, the Masonic orders, the G. A. R., and carriages of private citizens, and was one of the largest ever seen in this city. During the funeral business in the heart of the town was suspended, the public schools were dismissed, and all Terre Haute joined in doing honor to the memory of her distinguished son.

TWO BLOODY CRIMES COMMITTED.

Murder of a Bank Cashier in New Hampshire—Two Women Shot.

Somersworth, N. H., April 17.—Two robbers forced their way into the Great Falls National bank, of this place, at noon yesterday, killed the cashier, Joseph A. Stickney, with a club, cut his throat, nearly severing his head, and then robbed the bank of at least $6,000 and perhaps more. The robbers either overlooked or declined to take $100,000 in United States bonds. In spite of the fact that the murder occurred in her centre of the town at noon, it was not discovered for an hour or more, and the thugs got away. Some arrests of suspects have been made.

Watertown, N. Y., April 17.—News reaches here of a double murder, done under peculiarly atrocious circumstances, at Sackett's Harbor, this state. The victims are: Mrs. Crouch, a divorced woman; Miss Bailey, and Geo. Allen, a steward at the United States army barracks in Sackett's Harbor. The latter is so badly injured that he may die. They had been riding about for half the night in a buggy and while so riding some one opened on them with a revolver, killing the two women and wounding Allen. Wilber Crouch, the ex-husband of one of the women, is under arrest on the charge by Allen that he is the murderer. He declares his innocence, and says he will prove it.

WOULD-BE SENATOR INDICTED.

Also the Men Who Charge Him with Using Money to Succeed.

Frankfort, Ky., April 19.—Dr. W. Godfrey Hunter, the Republican nominee for United States senator, and his two friends, John H. Wilson and E. T. Franks, have been indicted jointly for "conspiracy to bribe members of the legislature," but they have the satisfaction of knowing that their accusers, Noel Gaines and Thomas Tanner, have also been indicted for the same offense.

Cincinnati, April 19.—A special to The Commercial-Tribune from Frankfort, Ky., says: Dr. Hunter has given assurances that he will not block an election, but he feels that he cannot quit the race under fire. Senator Jones, chairman of the joint caucus, said: "Whenever a majority petitions for a caucus, or when Dr. Hunter asks it, I will issue the call. Dr. Hunter has said that he will not stand in the way of an election if he cannot win himself."

Two More Places Given Out.

Washington, April 2.—W. A. Jones, of Wisconsin, and Robert V. Belt, of Maryland, have been offered and have accepted the respective offices of commissioner and assistant commissioner of Indian affairs.

Representative Milliken Dead.

Washington, April 19.—Representative Seth L. Milliken, of Maine, died at night of pneumonia.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, April 19.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—April, opened and closed nominal; May, opened 77¼c, closed 75⅝c; July, opened 77¼c, closed 75½c; September, opened 74½c, closed 72⅞c. Corn—April, opened and closed nominal; May, opened 24⅝c, closed 24⅝c; July, opened 26¼c, closed 26c; September, opened 27⅜c, closed 27¼c. Oats—April, opened and closed nominal; May, opened 17¼c, closed 17½c; July, opened and closed 13¼c; September, opened 19¾c, closed 19⅝c. Pork—May, opened $8.65, closed $8.50; July, opened $8.72½, closed $8.60. Lard—May, opened $4.25, closed $4.20; July, opened $4.35, closed $4.30.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 17c per lb; extra dairy, 15c; fresh packing stock, 8¼@8½c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 8¼@8½c per doz. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 8@9c per lb; chickens, 7@7½c; ducks, 9@10c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 20@24c per bu; Hebrons, 18@20c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, 75c@$1.25 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 11@12½c per lb; imperfect, 7@9c. Apples—Common to fancy, $1.00@1.25 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, April 19.

Estimated receipts of cattle, 19,000; outside of a few extra prime steers that sold steady, all others were lower. Receipts of hogs, 27,000; in active demand, with prices steady to strong; prime heavy packers, $4.10@4.15; prime mediums and butcher weights, $4.20@4.22½; prime light, $4.17½@4.20. Receipts of sheep and lambs, 25,000, largely lambs; top native and western sheep steady; lambs lower on all grades and quality.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, April 19.

Wheat—Excited and 3½@4c higher; No. 2 spring, 76¼c; No. 1 northern, 81¼c; May, 75¾c. Corn—Firm; No. 2 white, 20@21c. Barley—Steady; No. 2, 22c; samples, 26@31c. Rye—Higher; No. 1, 36½c.

St. Louis Grain.

St. Louis, April 19.

Wheat—Higher; No. 2 red cash elevator, 95c bid; track, $1.00@1.02½; May, 84¼c bid; July, 79⅝c asked. Corn—Higher; No. 2 cash, 22c; July, 23⅜c bid. Oats—Firm; No. 2 cash, 18½c nominal; July, 18⅝c bid. Rye—Higher; 34½c.

Detroit Grain.

Detroit, April 19.

Wheat—May, 95¾c; cash white, 94c; cash red, 95¼c; July, 80¼c.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS WHICH WILL BE OF INTEREST TO OUR READERS.

A Condensed Report of the Proceedings in the State Senate and House, Showing What the State Lawmakers Are Doing at Springfield.

Springfield, April 16.—In the senate yesterday a bill was introduced authorizing the consolidation of gas companies. The senate then took up the Humphrey railway bills and an amendment was adopted providing that street railway companies must pay into the city treasury from 1 per cent. in cities of less than 100,000 inhabitants to 7 per cent. in larger cities, of the gross earnings, the amount so paid being also increased for successive periods of years, 7 per cent. being the highest. The franchise is to run for fifty years and an attempt to make it forty was defeated. After further amendment the bill was ordered to third reading, and made special order for today. A committee was appointed to investigate the trouble with the University of Illinois funds connected with the bank at Chicago.

Bills were passed: Providing that separate ballots be provided at an election for a constitutional amendment; providing for the appointment of ten commissioners who participated in the battle of Shiloh to mark the positions on the battle field occupied by Illinois troops; to prohibit the wearing or using of the insignia or rosette of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion by others than members of the order.

The house spent most of the forenoon discussing the bill creating a state board of pardons. The bill was advanced to third reading. The bill appropriating $30,000 to the Illinois National Guard was passed. The bill to prevent the name of a candidate from appearing on an official ballot more than once, or under more than one party appellation, was passed.

Springfield, April 17.—The senate yesterday passed both the Humphrey street railway bills, the first by 29 to 16 and the second by the same vote and then adjourned until next Wednesday. The feature of the debate was Littler's speech in which he said that the street railways under the bill would in fifty years pay to Chicago $60,000,000, and of the council of the "typical American city:" "If there ever was an institution of this country which needed to be restricted in its rights it is the city council of Chicago. That body has the worst reputation of any legislative body in the world. It is a noted fact that no man can get his rights there without paying for them." The bill was passed requiring teachers in public schools to be 18 years of age if females and 19 if males, and a bill was introduced appropriating $315,000 for the asylum for the incurably insane at Peoria.

In the house the Humphrey street railway bils were received and ordered printed and to first reading. The committee to investigate the state institutions were announced. The bill appropriating $687,000 for two years for the eastern Illinois hospital for the insane at Kankakee was passed. Several bills were advanced and adjournment taken to next Wednesday.

Benefactions of Judge Sheldon.

Rockford, Ills., April 20.—The will of Judge B. R. Sheldon, a former member of the Illinois supreme court disposes of an estate of over $300,000. He bequeathes $100,000 to his alma mater, Williams college; $100,000 to Hampton, Va., Institute; $10,000 to Rockford college, $10,000 to Rockford Y. M. C. A., $10,000 to the Freeport Y. M. C. A., and numerous bequests of from $20,000 to $5,000 to relatives and friends.

Alleged Highwayman Shot.

Chicago, April 20.—Frank Wilson, an alleged highwayman, is dying at the county hospital, as a result of bullet wounds inflicted Sunday night by Patrolman McSween of the Lake street station. There was a fusillade of bullets before Wilson was brought down. Charles F. Cole of 509 Congress street identified Wilson as the leader of three highwaymen who robbed him Thursday night.

Illinois Woman Suffragists.

Bloomington, Ills., April 17.—A mass convention under the joint auspices of the National American Women's Suffrage association and the Illinois Equal Suffrage association opened in this city yesterday afternoon and will end with a mass-meeting tonight. A large number of prominent women suffragists are present.

Quincy Industry Resumes.

Quincy, Ills., April 20.—The Dayton Tablet company's plant, which was closed three weeks ago under financial embarrassment, was started again yesterday with 200 employes. It will run day and night to catch up on orders. The Ricker bank is in temporary control.

Illinois Nomination.

Decatur, Ills., April 16.—The Republican convention for the third supreme judicial district was held here yesterday. J. W. Wilkin, of Vermillion county, was nominated for judge. The nomination was made by acclamation. Judge Wilkin made a speech of acceptance.

Aged Man Killed by the Cars.

Dixon, Ills., April 17. — Orlando F. Herrick was killed by cars at Princeville yesterday. He was 64 years old and came to Dixon from Canada fifty-seven years ago.

Arrested for Forgery.

Bushnell, Ills., April 17.—James E. Dugger was arrested here yesterday charged with forgery to the amount of $1,000. He is wanted at Carrollton.

State Notes.

Seven persons were injured during a fire in the picture frame works of H. Zehnert & Bro., Chicago. An explosion of chemicals knocked down five firemen and they were all burned about the face, hands and body.

Judge Henry W. Blodgett and daughter Carrie have reached their home in Waukegan, Ills., after a month's visit at Eureka Springs, Ark., for the benefit of the former's health. The judge says his condition is much improved.

The strike of the Chicago tanners continues, both sides remaining firm. Owing to threatening demonstrations police are guarding the tanneries.

The plant of the Grand Crossing Tack company at Grand Crossing, Ills., was partly destroyed by fire. Loss, $136,000, with $114,000 insurance.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, April 14.

Otto Snyder and cousin, John Snyder, young men, were drowned in the river at Eldora, Ia.

It is reported that T. V. Powderly, former general master workman of the Knights of Labor, will be appointed commissioner of immigration to succeed Herman Stump.

Paul Genz, who killed his mistress at Hoboken, N. J., Aug. 28, 1894, has just been hanged by the sheriff at Jersey City.

By a decree of Dec. 14, 1874, the king of the Belgians instituted an unusual prize of 25,000 francs for the best military history of Belgium.

Chicago detectives are looking for John Craft, who, it is alleged, robbed his mother, Mrs. John McDonald, of $900.

The motion to admit women lay delegates to the general Methodist Episcopal conference was lost at the New York east conference in Brooklyn by a vote of 151 to 67.

Thursday, April 15.

While seated at the breakfast table Matthias Guster, 25 years old, was shot and instantly killed by John Formiller, his step-father, at Chicago. Formiller then killed himself.

The body of the man found in the Weber river at Ogden, Utah, is believed to be that of E. A. Kilday, of New York.

A dispatch to the London Times from St. Petersburg says that a nest of conspirators was recently discovered in Sergius street, a fashionable thoroughfare of that city.

Policeman Paul Craft, of Chicago, accidentally shot and killed his sweetheart while he was cleaning his revolver. Craft was arrested and had to be restrained to prevent him killing himself.

The Standard Oil company paid through the federal court $3,750 to William Costello, of Chicago, which was the agreed price for the loss of an eye.

Mrs. U. S. Grant has written a book—the home history of General and Mrs. Grant as it has never been told before.

Friday, April 16.

The St. Louis Dairy company has been found guilty in the United States district court of having imported contract labor and will have to pay $1,000, the penalty provided by law.

Princess de Chimay has left Paris. She was not allowed to appear at a music hall.

The California legislature has enacted a law fixing the minimum rate of pay per day for laborers on public works at $2 a day.

A special from Grand Forks, B. C., announces the sudden death of Captain Carter, a well-known character of the camp, said to be a brother of Senator Thomas Carter, of Montana. He leaves mining property valued at $800,000.

The board of regents of the Michigan University will meet April 29 and vote a leave of absence for President Angell while he is in Turkey as a diplomat.

Part of the Globe Iron works at Dayton, O., weakened by the recent floods collapsed. Damage estimated at $6,000.

Saturday, April 17.

A telegram from Asheville, N. C. states that Mrs. S. M. Hanna, the mother of Senator Hanna, is dead there from pneumonia. She was 81 years old.

The navy department is in a ferment over an order to Lieutenant Peary, the Arctic explorer, to leave the New York navy yard and take up his station at Mare Island, Cal.

Detectives are searching for W. E. Farley, cashier for the clothing firm of Work Bros. & Co. He and $2,000 have coincidentally disappeared from Chicago.

A man who had just reached Chicago on a Northwestern suburban train was drowned in the river at Wells street. Scores of spectators watched the unfortunate go down in the dirty water unable to render him any assistance.

Judge Morton, of the Suffolk superior court, Boston, has decided that Adah Richmond has not established her rights as a widow to contest the will of John Stetson.

Monday, April 19.

William Dawson, Sr., president, and Robert L. Miller, assistant cashier of the defunct bank of Minnesota, at St. Paul, have been arrested on the usual charge of accepting deposits after they knew the bank was insolvent.

General Ruiz Rivera and Colonel Bacallao, the captured insurgent leaders in prison at Havana, are no longer incommunicado.

Juan Tejada, one of the survivors of the wreck of the Ville de St. Nazaire, has become a maniac as a result of his terrible experience.

Mrs. Randoll Davidson, wife of the bishop of Winchester, England, has been initiated a member of the Royal Lady Mary College of Odd Fellows at Farnham.

American bashi bazourks burned the feet of John, Smith, Rebecca and Eliza Blakesley near Findley, O., until the victims told where they had $5,000 in money concealed.

J. C. Long and wife are on trial at Hampton, Ia., for murder. They are accused of poisoning Long's only child, a daughter 16 years old, by his divorced wife.

Tuesday, April 20.

Jerry Brown, a member of the Montgomery gang of murderers in West Virginia, has been sentenced to be hanged June 25 for the murder of Mrs. Isaac Radford.

Cures

Prove the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla—positive, perfect, permanent Cures.

Cures of Scrofula in severest forms, Salt Rheum, with intense itching and burning, scald head, boils, pimples, etc.

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Send address to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

TENNESSEE EAGLES.

A NATURAL MOUNTAIN HOME FOR THE BIRD OF FREEDOM.

There He Is Hatched In Great Numbers and Sometimes Lives 160 Years—Mating and the Treatment of the Young—How They Are Captured.

There are many eagles in the Tennessee mountains, and there are mountaineers who are expert catchers of the young eaglets, who reap rich rewards in return for their perilous risks and adventures. Eagles make their eyries among the clefts and crags of the highest mountains of the state. They are found on the Stone mountain, the great Roane, 6,296 feet high; the Bald, 5,550 feet; the Great Smoky range, 6,636 feet; the Bullhead, 6,612 feet; on the Unaka, the Big Stone and others, none of them less than 5,000 feet above the level of the country at their feet.

Young eagles bring from $40 to $80, occasionally $100. Eagles that are of some age and of a great size (such are rarely captured, however) bring as high as $300 and $500. Eagles which have to be killed while trying to capture them are valuable to taxidermists, who always find an easy market for a great stuffed eagle. Their feathers, especially the wing and tail feathers, are sold for good prices.

The eagle builds its nest upon the top of a mighty tree growing far up on the mountain among the myriad of twining vines, or in the thickest and almost inaccessible growth of bushes and shrubs, or on the summit of a high rock. An eagle's nest is a large one always, and is strongly and comfortably built. Large sticks and branches are laid together, nearly flat, and bound with twining vines. The spacious inside is covered with hair and mosses so minutely woven together that no wind can enter. The mother bird lays two eggs, which are curiosities. The long end tapers down to a point. The color of the egg is a ground of brownish red, with many dots and spots upon it. The egg itself is proof of the wild and savage parentage.

An eagle lives from 80 to 160 years. The young birds are driven forth by their savage parents to scratch for themselves as soon as they are able to fly. No training is given them by the old bird. That is left to their wild instincts, which hunger and necessity develop. There is no going "back to the old home" for the young eagle. The mother bird tears up ever vestige of the nest where they have thriven since birth, and while they omit plaintive shrieks the old bird darts at them and pushes them off the crags or rocks, and to prevent falling they must take to their wings, and this is how they learn to fly. It takes three years for a young eagle to gain its full and completo plumage and strength.

Away up in the mountains the eagle finds it as hard to gain subsistence as do the grumblers of the plain. The precariousness of its existence and the wild manner in which food is gathered seem to give the bird ferocity as it grows older. They range among the mountains and valleys in pairs, their young never following, but doing the best they can. The stern, unsocial tyranny, beginning with the homeless and outcast eaglet, is continued in later years with their mates.

If the male bird be the stronger, the most of the prey belongs to him, and he allows the female to eat a paltry share between fierce thrusts of his beak at her. If the female is the stronger (and she generally is), the male bird cowers and winces under many a fierce blow from his unfeeling wife, no matter how small the morsel he gets. But when danger threatens, no human pair can battle so fiercely for each other as can two eagles. The breeding season begins about March, and each male has but one mate during his entire life. If the female is killed or captured, the surviving male becomes an eagle hermit and fiercer than ever.

They are often seen near their nests together, and when the sun is shining take their majestic flights straight toward that great ball of fire until they disappear from sight. Sitting upon the mountain side, their vision is so keen that they can see, far down the valley, a sheep or young goat, a big turkey or rooster, a small pig, rabbit, or large bird, and almost in the twinkling of an eye they descend suddenly upon their victim. One mighty grasp and a twist of their talons and the victim is dead, long before the eagle lays it down for a repast. An eagle can live two and three days, and even five days, upon a gorging meal. They prey upon all sorts of large birds, fish, lambs, kids and goats. Oftentimes, when a large calf or goat is to be attacked and carried off, four or six of them will unite and carry off the the carcass, when they will immediately begin to fight it out to see which of them is entitled to the choicest bits, and it is truly a survival of the fittest in such combats as these.

Eagles are captured by expert mountaineers, who spy upon the parent bird building her nest and wait for the breeding season. After a due time they scale the mountains, and, well armed for the inevitable fight with the parent birds, go to these mountain eyries. Oftentimes four men are required to let one of them down a steep precipice or cliff, while two of them, dead shots with the rifle, shoot and kill the old birds upon their first approach, for it fares ill with the daring robber who attempts to secure the young birds with none to protect but himself. In this way are many of the old birds killed for the taxidermists or for feathers, while the eaglets are borne away and caged for a good sale.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Gratebar to Philip.

"Philip," said Mr. Gratebar, "always write plainly, so that what you write can be read. And above all things make your signature unmistakably clear. Thus, even on paper, you will continue to look everybody square in the eye."—New York Sun.

A TELEPATHIC EXPERIMENT.

How to Demonstrate This Curious Power by a Simple Device.

A very interesting experiment in the fascinating science of telepathy, vouched for as being sure to "come out right" by such high authority as Hudson, author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena" and other works of the same order, may be tried at any time by our readers.

One of these very next evenings, when the family are comfortably settled after dinner or supper, the experimenter should introduce the subject of mind reading or telepathy, which will usually create an interest even in the most inveterate reader of the evening paper or the latest novel devourer, curled up in her favorite corner. Now will be the opportunity to become a hero even in one's own household, for we are told that, like a good recipe for cake or what not, if directions given below are strictly followed success is sure.

Let a circle be formed by a few persons joining hands, and one member of the circle be securely blindfolded, that is in such a way that he will enter into a darkness so dense that it may "be felt." To secure this desired trick darkness, fold a pair of kid gloves into several thicknesses and place like a pad one over each eye, with an ample handkerchief bound tightly over all and around the head. Now let a card be selected at random from a pack, take great care that no one sees any other card of the pack, even for an instant, then place where all can see it except of course the blind man. The rest of the circle must now fix their minds and gaze upon the card with every bit of earnestness they have in their nature. In the meantime the blind man must put himself into a quiet, passive "Barkis is willin" state of mind. He will soon begin to see (scientific authority for this, remember,) indistinct objects floating in the darkness. Soon they will begin to take shadowy shape, then disappear, take more definite form, and finally the card selected will appear.

Mr. Hudson declares that out of the six in the company when he witnessed this experiment each scored a sufficient number of successes to remove the result from the domain of coincidence. It is well to bear in mind that sometimes the information is conveyed from one mind to another allegorically, for instance, during the evening mentioned the ten of diamonds appeared as ten flashing diamonds.

Surely this is well worth a trial.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

GRAY SQUIRRELS.

How They Hide Their Scattered Stores For the Winter.

Gray squirrels are winter neighbors, but very shy ones. I have tried to coax them to come into the yard for walnuts by leaving out a supply under the trees there and gathering all from other trees, but they were too well supplied with nuts in the wood. I did succeed in gaining their confidence through a pair of tame squirrels that had been raised in a cage by a neighbor. I induced the neighbor to set them free, and, apparently to reward me, they took up their abode in the tall cottonwoods and poplars about the lawn, but more likely because the neighbor had no large trees. While they remained an occasional wild squirrel would call or spend the day in the great trees with my tame ones. But the villainous pot hunter and his worthless cur destroyed my pets and drove the visitors back to their wild state.

The gray squirrel is not as provident as the little ground squirrel, who toils through the long days of summer and fall to provide himself a home and lay up a store for winter use. What little the gray squirrel does lay by for a rainy day is not stored in his den, but scattered here and there about the woods, like the prudent housewife afraid to put all the eggs in one basket.

I learned from my tame squirrels their method of hiding nuts. The nut is carried in the mouth, and some time and thought are given to the selection of a likely place to hide it. When the spot is finally decided upon, a hole the size of the nut is dug in the ground, the nut thrust in and pushed down hard with the nose, a little earth pressed and patted down, and leaves or grass tossed about in the most natural way. After a snowfall their tracks will be found in every direction, from the den trees to all parts of the wood. Following these trails, one will find many little holes in the snow where hidden nuts have been dug up.—J. H. Kennedy in Harper's Magazine.

Fresh Fish.

In many places in warm climates it is customary to keep fish alive until they are sold. It would otherwise be impossible to keep them from spoiling, except by too expensive refrigerating. The marketman is likely to be the fisherman himself and to keep his catch in a well on his boat or in a slatted box in the water. The buyer looks over the fish and picks out the one he wants, and the seller then kills the fish with a blow on the head with a club or with a knife. It is a common thing to kill the fish in the presence of the customer. Fish are sold in this way at, for instance, Key West, Havana and Genoa. —New York Sun.

Unfamiliar Book In Oklahoma.

A committee of Quakers appeared before the Oklahoma legislature the other day and asked for the abolition of capital punishment. One of them started in to read from the New Testament, when a backwoods member interrupted him with the remark that he "needn't bring any of them eastern law books in here." —Philadelphia Press.

The biggest cricket field in the world —that is to say, the biggest ground set apart entirely for the game—is the Oval at Kennington.

Sheridan fell in love with Miss Linley and told the story of "The Rivals," —which is a true account of his courtship.

PAY OF ACTRESSES.

WOMEN ON THE STAGE RECEIVE, AS A RULE, SMALL SALARIES.

There Are a Few Who Are Rewarded Liberally, but Generally the Business Is Not Profitable, and Not Many In This Country Have Made Fortunes.

Into a room in an up town office building there passed at irregular intervals young women who, after having spent some time inside, reappeared at the door and started down the flight of steps that lead to the street. This happened all day. A line of women was continually going in and out. None of them staid very long, and none of them left the room with expressions of particular satisfaction.

"I don't think there could be any better warning," said a theatrical man who had an office opposite the door through which the girls disappeared, "to women who think of going on the stage than the sight of that string of women. That is a theatrical exchange, and in and out of that office they go every day. Some of them—the lucky ones—disappear after awhile, and they seem to have found places. But the majority come and go for a long time before anything is found for them. The best don't come to the exchanges, you know. Only those who are not well enough known to have their services always in demand are compelled to look for positions through the agents. The others can go to the managers; or, in some rare cases, have the managers come to them.

"There never was a subject about which less was really known than that of the rewards that a life on the stage bring to a woman. I remember to have seen once an interview with Lotta Crabtree in The Sun in which she said that the stage gave women more than any other profession could. Lotta is one of the few very rich women of the stage, and I am afraid that optimistic opinion was affected more or less by her own success. If she had not accumulated $500,000 or more, Lotta might not look so favorably upon the stage as a means of livelihood for women.

"The ideas that are prevalent about salaries, the general idea of the large amounts paid and the prospects for saving money that such occupation affords are all based on very erroneous impressions. There are, of course, actors that make large sums, and some that make fortunes. But there are not many of them. There are very few people, for instance, who would believe that the leading lady of a prominent New York stock company gets only $100 a week —that is, for about 30 weeks of the year, or maybe 35 at the outside. On the road she receives $125 a week. A certain amount is paid by her manager toward her costumes, but when it happens that the plays are not successful and have to be changed frequently, the expense of costumes uses up a large proportion of what she may make. The most popular leading woman in American receives only $125 a week when she is in New York and an extra $25 on the road. Yet as many of the people at the theaters in which she acts go to see her as go to see the 'star' with whom she's associated. But she's to be a star herself after awhile, and then she will make enough to repay her for all the time she was building up her popularity, even if she was not getting rich.

"These women that get the salaries I spoke of are the best paid in the country. Among all the women on the stage I doubt if there are 50 who receive as much as that. One leading lady in a New York theater gets only $65 a week. The women who act on the road with stars get usually $75 or $80, and in some cases $100. But, as I said, there are not many of them in the last schedule. The prices range on down to $30, which is about the smallest salary paid to any woman in a first class company.

"When they get to be stars on their own account, the case is different. Usually the women stars get certain sums every week in salary and certain amounts from the profits. Some of the best paid get $300 a week in salary and one-quarter of the profits. Then they begin to make money. One-quarter of the profits may equal, under favorable circumstances, $2,000. That makes the salary of the actor engaged on the terms mentioned $800 a week. But only the lucky ones succeed in ever accomplishing such success as that. Of course there are others who take all the money and merely hire their managers. But they are still fewer in number.

"Another thing that has to be taken into consideration is the fact that a woman has only a certain time on the stage. She must be a genius to last much beyond 40, and she is not likely to become famous much before 30. So her time is rather short. After a certain period the decline begins and salaries begin to go down, just as before the age, say of 40, they increased. Think of the few rich or even comfortably off women of the stage. They could be counted on the fingers—Lotta, Maggie Mitchell, Fanny Davenport and Clara Morris. There may be a few others, but they are mighty few. Compare this with the long list of women that have been popular and successful in their youth, and I think you will agree with me that the women on the stage are not as well paid as the aspirants think."—New York Sun.

In the Blacksmith's Shop.

"I have seen some pretty hard knocks in my time," began the anvil in ringing tones, when the bellows interrupted him with: "But think of the trouble I have. There isn't a day that I am not hard pressed to raise the wind."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Margaret, queen of Henry IV, king of France, confined in the Louvre, pursued very warmly the studies of elegant literature and composed a very skillful apology for the irregularities of her conduct.

The principal part of a Kaffir's religion consists in singing and dancing.

HOMILY ON NERVOUSNESS.

Some Practical Ideas That Are Drawn by a Thinking Layman.

The most casual glance at the columns of the newspapers betrays the fact that nervous complaints, as recently asserted by the medical profession, are greatly on the increase. Comparison will demonstrate that we Americans are becoming, if we are not already, the most highly strung and nervous people in the world.

But nervousness, as expressed by various well meaning citizens, seems to be a certain resentment against noise. I am considering the point from the vantage or disadvantage of a layman. Is mere noise the cause or simply the evidence of nervousness? That's what I want to know. To be clearer, is mere noise the creator of nervousness, or is the universal complaint of these noises merely the evidence of growing nervousness? Most of the errors of reasoning, I believe, are from the confusion of cause and effect.

When a letter carrier suddenly and unexpectedly pipes his thin, shrill whistle up a vibrant hallway and causes me to start, it is easy and natural to say he makes me nervous. And when an elevated train, brakes down, approaches a station, causing every wheel to scream and shriek, it "sets my teeth on edge," and the charge is instantly filed against the railroad company of creating nervous disorders. Whereas, the facts are I was nervous already, and the letter carrier's shrill whistle only demonstrated it, and if I had not been a sufferer from nervousness the elevated noises would simply have had no effect upon my mind whatever. And if I sat down and wrote to the newspapers complaining against all these manifold noises I should only advertise my nervous condition to the whole community.

I am aware that I shall run counter to the popular theory when I assert that noises have nothing whatever to do with nervousness. The nervous person will jump higher and quicker when silently approached from the rear, being unexpectedly confronted silently in the dark, being suddenly touched by some one till that moment unseen or unheard, or even prove more nervous under conditions of absolute silence. It can be easily demonstrated that a man who can sleep like a babe on the line of the elevated road will be awakened at the crow of chickens in the country, and yet be unable to sleep at no sounds at all. The man who is disturbed by the noises of the city is a nervous man who would toss all night on a sleepless couch in the dead quiet of the country. The only reason there is more nervousness is because our mode of life creates nervousness. We drink more, smoke more, eat more and go the pace generally—and then lay it on to noises.—New York Herald.

IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

Cautious Suitor States His Requirements In a Letter of Inquiry.

A prominent attorney preserves the following document as one of the chief curios of his office. It bears a recent date and was written from one of the Missouri river towns. The young woman referred to is the presiding genius of the kitchen in the lawyer's home:

"DEAR SIR—I got acquainted with Miss —— through our corresponding with each other. She wants to marry me. Should she suit I will not marry her for three or four months yet. Please find out through your wife and let me know by return mail if she is worthy of a good husband.

"Is her character good? How about her honesty and integrity? Does she seem to like children? Is she neat and clean? Is she tasty about her dress? Is she gay or frivolous, or what you call sullen? Is she wasteful in her cooking? Is she strong and healthy? Can she hear and talk good? Is she homely or pretty? Is she smart? To make it short, would she make a good man a good wife?

"I am a cooper by trade, a widower with five children, and I need a woman that's a good cook and to look after my children. She has been working for your wife three weeks. You ought to know her pretty good by this time. Anything you may say she won't know if it isn't good, unless you tell her yourself.

"Is she stylish? Has she begun to break or show edge? Is she steady and does she know how to please? You can do me a great favor if you take five minutes of your valuable time to answer these few questions. Please write at once. I want to know quick. Your obedient servant."—St. Louis Republic.

History on a Watch Face.

Almost the last work of the Belgian astronomer Houzeau, deceased, was an article in which, while arguing in favor of a decimal division of time, he pointed out the origin of the double set of 12 hours represented on our watch and clock faces. The ancient inhabitants of Mesopotamia chose the number 12 as an arithmetical base because it has four divisors—viz, 2, 3, 4 and 6, while 10 has only two divisors—viz, 2 and 5. They counted 12 hours in the day and 12 in the night, measuring the day by the progress of the sun and the night by the progress of the stars across the sky. This system, prevailing over all others, has come down to us, and so our watches bear on their faces a souvenir of those ancient days when the sun served for a clock hand half of the time and the stars the other half.—Youth's Companion.

Her Awful Ordeal.

"Mary had a dreadful experience on her trip to Painesville?"

"How was that?"

"Why, she got something in her eye, and it hurt her so that she asked a nice looking young man to look for it, and he was so dreadfully nearsighted that he got so close that his big mustache tickled her nose, so that in trying not to sneeze right in his face she burst four buttons off her new jacket."

"Dear me!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SINCE SISTER'S GOT A BEAU.

There's quite a change around at home,
and all is now serene
Where once upon a time war raged and
troubles I had seen.
The reason this is brought about to you I
mean to show,
It's all because a man comes here, and he
is sister's beau.

I don't know how she captured him, but
he comes here just the same,
And for fear that he will stay away I will
not give his name,
But I only hope he'll always come; I really love him so,
For everything is now so nice since sister's got a beau.

I can spin my top in the parlor and generally have my way.
Yesterday a boy cut loose my kite, and sis bought one today.
She also gave me marbles and took me to a show,
I feel so happy now to say that sister's got a beau.

The roosters and the chickens all seem to be so proud,
And the cats upon the back yard fence at night sing extra loud;
The birds up in the tree tops their happiness do show,
And this has all been brought about since sister's got a beau.

I hope some one will make him come; I only wish I could.
Yes, there's two bits a week I get for keeping ma in wood.
I'll give this money to this man—sis calls him Mr. Joe—
Because I'm having too good a time for sis to lose that beau.

—A. C. Phelps in New Orleans Picayune.

LAMPS AND CANDLES.

There Is an Art In the Managing of Them.

The most effective cleansing substance for the containers and wick apparatus consists of ordinary wood ash. This has a peculiar effect upon petroleum, crystal and other oils of the same kind. Rub the ashes well all over the parts that require cleaning and polish or wipe it off with a clean, soft cloth. This is a very simple method and obviates the use of water, which may prove a serious difficulty, especially if the operator is not very particular as regards the drying process. This treatment should not, however, entirely do away with a periodical boiling of the different parts of the lamp with strong soda, but the regular use of wood ash should make the washing a last resource and an altogether rare necessity.

The strictest cleanliness in every detail concerning lamps is of the greatest importance not only to insure a good light free from smell, but also as a preventive against danger. Odd bits of wick allowed to collect anywhere near the flame, for instance, are objectionable from every point of view.

Lamps that are but rarely used should not be left with the wick to become saturated through contact with the oil. The best plan is to empty the container, clean it as above, dry the wick if it is new, and put it aside in a box, into which dust cannot penetrate, till it is wanted again.

For these days, when candles are so much used, it is well to know that there is an art in choosing them. They should burn brightly, steadily, and without flickering, yet at the same time dwindle away as slowly as possible. The candle that gutters is to be avoided as extravagant and worthless. The best of all are those which are partially hollowed out, so that if the flame is exposed to a draft the melted wax runs down the inside. A thin, close wick will always burn better than a thick one. One of the cleverest contrivances adapted to candles is a metal automatic extinguisher. It can be fixed to any required depth of the candle, say one inch, more or less, and as soon as that quantity has burned away two metal rings close over the flame and effectually put it out. Something of the kind has already been seen, but the newer patent is much more practical, from the very fact that it can be fixed to any part of the candle instead of being placed in the candle holder, for in the latter case it could not act until the illuminant had quite burned down, when the extinguisher was obviously of doubtful utility.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Fur Seal as an Animal.

Mr. David Starr Jordan, president of the Bering sea commission for 1896, and George Archibald Clark, secretary to the commission, say in The Forum:

The male fur seal, or "beachmaster," reaches full maturity at the age of 7 years. At that time his weight is about 400 to 500 pounds, being considerably heavier when first in from the sea in the spring or after feeding in the fall than in the intervening period, when he fasts on land and grows gradually lean and weak. The males vary considerably in color, the general shade being black or dark brown, with longer hair or bristles of yellowish white. These are especially long and numerous on the thickened back of the neck, forming the so called "wig."

The wigged males have a rough, coarse coat, and their skins are without market value. The animal makes its home on the rocky shores of the islands in large, closely massed bands, forming what are called "rookeries." It is extremely gregarious, individuals seldom venturing far from the main body while on land, though wandering ab singly in the sea.

His Failing.

An English rector in an agricultural parish found his own sermons acceptable enough to his congregation, but not so those of his assistant.

"Why don't you come to hear Mr. Jones?" he said to the leading farmer. "He's an excellent fellow and preaches far better than I do."

"That may be, sir," was the grave rejoinder, "but we've been inquiring and inquiring about your curate, and we can't find as he's got any property, and we don't like to be told of our sins by a person as hasn't got no property." —Strand Magazine.

The Yale lock manufacturers have proved that in a patent lock having six "steps," each capable of being reduced in height 20 times, the number of changes or combinations will be 86,400.

To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult to Mohammedans in the east.

GRANT'S SECRETIVENESS.

The Responsibility of His Position Forced Him to Guard His Utterances.

General Horace Porter, in "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century, says concerning General Grant's secretiveness:

After the general had got some miles out on the march from Cold Harbor an officer of rank joined him, and as they rode along began to explain a plan which he had sketched, providing for the construction of another line of intrenchments some distance in rear of the lines then held by us, to be used in case the army should at any time want to fall back and move toward the James and should be attacked while withdrawing. The general kept on smoking his cigar, listened to the proposition for a time and then quietly remarked to the astonished officer, "The army has already pulled out from the enemy's front and is now on its march to the James."

This is mentioned as an instance of how well his secrets could be kept. He had never been a secretive man until the positions of responsibility in which he was placed compelled him to be chary in giving expression to his opinions and purposes. He then learned the force of the philosopher's maxim that "the unspoken word is a sword in the scabbard, while the spoken word is a sword in the hand of one's enemy." In the field there were constant visitors to the camp, ready to circulate carelessly any intimations of the commander's movements, at the risk of having such valuable information reach the enemy. Any encouraging expression given to an applicant for favors was apt to be tortured into a promise, and the general naturally became guarded in his intercourse. When questioned beyond the bounds of propriety, his lips closed like a vise, and the obtruding party was left to supply all the subsequent conversation.

These circumstances proclaimed him a man who studied to be uncommunicative and gave him a reputation for reserve which could not fairly be attributed to him. He was called the "American Sphinx," "Ulysses the Silent" and the "Great Unspeakable," and was popularly supposed to move about with sealed lips. It is true that he had no "small talk" introduced merely for the sake of talking, and many a one will recollect the embarrassment of a first encounter with him resulting from this fact. But while, like Shakespeare's soldier, he never wore his dagger in his mouth, yet in talking to a small circle of friends upon matters to which he had given special consideration his conversation was so thoughtful, philosophical and original that he fascinated all who listened to him.

WHEN WE CRITICISE FRIENDS

The Kindness of Ignoring Trivial Mistakes In Our Daily Life.

"There are two kinds of mist
mistakes of moment and tri
takes," writes Edward W. B
Ladies' Home Journal. "
the best service which one
render another is to save him
mistake liable to be serious in its results. In such an act lies true friendship. But in these days of criticism, when we are apt to criticise everything and everybody, we are all too apt to correct mistakes which are absolutely trivial and not worth correcting. And yet in calling attention to them we often hurt the feelings of our best friends. Not one of us, even the most good natured, likes to have his mistakes pointed out. We may appear not to mind corrections and accept them with a smile, but it is human nature to smart under correction, although some of us may be clever enough to conceal the smart; hence the fewer mistakes we call attention to in others the better.

"Two-thirds of the mistakes we make are trivial. Their correction is unimportant. Why then notice them? Yet some people do, and do so constantly. A person speaks of having done a certain thing on Thursday, when in reality it was done on Wednesday. If no important point is involved, why call attention to the mistake? What good does it do to have the exact day set right? It is a matter of no importance, so why insist upon correcting the trivial error? Stanch friendships have often been pricked by this needle of useless correction. It is a great art—this art of learning to allow others to be mistaken when the mistake is unimportant. Few learn it, but those who do are among the most comfortable friends one can have."

A Lively Roman Sauce.

Garum, the black green sauce of the Romans, was a species of universal condiment, but its principal use was for fish. The recipe is as follows: Let the cook take several fishes, it matters not much which, but mackerel are the best for the purpose. Let him take out their entrails and put them in vinegar and leave them there for ten days. Then let them be taken out and dried and powdered in a mortar with pepper, frumenty, roots of dandelion, mint, thyme, sage and a little ginger, and well mixed, after which the powder must be put in jars, together with honey, and left to ferment during several weeks. When ready for the table, it must be mixed with Falernian wine.—New York Post.

A Discouraging Sign.

Mrs. Hunniker—I'm really discouraged about our Will. I don't believe he is destined to be a great man after all.

Mr. Hunniker—Nonsense, nonsense! What's put that idea into your head?

Mrs. Hunniker—Why, look at this letter I've just received from him. He's been in college two years now, and his handwriting is still so good that you can read it right off, about like print. —Cleveland Leader.

Wise In His Generation.

Irate Father—What you need, young man, is a sound thrashing.

Delinquent—Well, pop, my ... school teacher says that the L... will supply our needs, and I don't mind waiting.—New York Times.

SWEET KITTY NEIL.

"Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel!
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning.
Come trip down with me to the sycamore tree.
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun has gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew whitened valley,
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things,
Each little bird sings in the green shaded valley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eyes in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing.
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
But now on the green the glad groups are seen,
Each gay hearted lad with the lass of his choosing,
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil,
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion.
With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground;
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing.
Search the world all around, from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing.

Sweet Kate, who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly,
Your fair turned arm, heaving bosom, rounded form,
Nor feel his heart warm and his pulses throb wildly?
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love.
The sigh leaves his eye as he cries, with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

—Strand Magazine.

GOT A TANDEM.

Of course Mr. Stone never for one moment imagined that any of the parishioners would object to his riding a bicycle.

St. John's, Runniford, was a large, straggling parish, and as he made a practice of calling once a fortnight upon every member of the congregation he rightly judged that it would save him a great deal of walking. Pleasure had nothing to do with the purchase.

As ill luck had it, however, he encountered Miss Meddlebury the first time he rode out. Although no tyro, he was out of practice, and he dared not let go a handle to lift his hat, so he went by with a nod and a smile.

Miss Middlebury stopped short. Turning about, she glared after the curate's flying coattails until they disappeared in the distance, then marched straight to the vicarage, whither she had been several times before on Mr. Stone's account—visits concerning which he was blissfully ignorant.

It is necessary to explain that Miss Prudence Meddlebury was a very important personage in the parish of St. John. For the sake of his poor the vicar could not ignore her opinions. She had an income of $15,000 a year, and one-tenth of that sum—not a penny more and not a penny less—she gave to him to bestow as he thought proper.

By reason of her confidence Mr. Armitage shut his eyes to her austerity and narrow mindedness, but the truth must be told here. Miss Middlebury was stern and forbidding in appearance and disposition. Every form of enjoyment she considered baneful, if not a deadly sin.

From the first she objected to Mr. Stone. After his opening service, which had greatly pleased the vicar, she complained that he was too young, too tall and too plain looking.

"All the girls will be setting their caps at him," she said at one of those complaining visits previously mentioned. "They will think a great deal more of the preacher than of the sermon. It was very unwise of you to engage him."

The good old vicar said he hoped not and thought no more about it unless to laugh quietly to himself.

In some unaccountable manner she discovered that Mr. Stone had fallen in love with Nelly Armitage. It was true enough, but at the time the vicar's daughter was by no means sure of the fact herself.

Miss Meddlebury was not aware that the handsome, well set up young clergyman possessed a private income large enough to marry upon whenever he thought proper, but she would probably have acted just the same in any case.

"You know I warned you that Mr. Stone would not do," she told that young lady's papa. "Unless you wish to be entangled in a very undesirable love affair you will get rid of him."

The Rev. Mr. Armitage looked rather bewildered, but not at all displeased.

"Love affair? Nelly?" he exclaimed. "She hasn't said anything to me, nor has Mr. Stone."

"No," said Miss Meddlebury, with her vinegary smile. "I don't suppose it has gone so far as that. I thought it my duty to put you on your guard in time."

"I am very much obliged, I am sure," rejoined the vicar.

And there is no doubt he was very thankful for the information. St. John's was rather a poor living, and he had given too much away to be able to save anything. His daughter being unprovided for, the prospects of her union with an independent gentleman of the highest character would not be likely to interfere with his sleep of nights.

"And you will act without delay?" continued Miss Meddlebury.

"When the time comes. I must not be precipitate, you know."

The vicar changed the subject, plunged into parish affairs, and so escaped further awkward questions upon that occasion. But it was only a respite. The meeting with the curate on his bicycle took place two days later. Mr. Armitage chanced to be standing at his study window and saw Miss Meddlebury coming up the garden.

"I have been shocked," she said, "positively shocked. And I am sure you will be when I tell you that I have just met Mr. Stone on a bicycle."

"I don't see any harm in it," rejoined the vicar, who did not look in the least perturbed.

"I am surprised. The clergyman that would ride a bicycle can have no respect for his cloth, no desire to gain the good will of his congregation. I will not countenance it. Mr. Stone must give it up or I shall be compelled to take a pew in St. Mark's. I should feel quite uncomfortable. I really could not sit under him."

St. Mark's was the wealthiest parish in Runniford. If she left St. John's, she would be sure to take her $1,500 with her, and this was a contingency to be avoided at almost any cost.

"I trust you have acted upon the hint I gave you concerning Nelly?"

"Well, no," he answered. "I don't see how I can interfere at present."

Miss Meddlebury took herself off with the air of a victor. The vicar watched her down the garden and then went to his daughter's room to unburden his mind.

"Of all the unreasonable mischief makers I ever met that woman is the worst!" he cried. "She is indeed well named Meddlebury."

"Papa!" exclaimed the girl, looking up in surprise.

"Miss Meddlebury has just called," he went on. "She wants me to put my foot down on Stone's bicycle."

"I didn't know that he had one," she rejoined, with a blush which did not escape the vicar's notice.

"Neither did I. How can I tell him that he mustn't ride a bicycle here? I don't know how he will take it. He might resign."

"I hope he will not do that," said the girl quickly.

"He is not likely to do so. Mr. Stone is not a man to allow any one to dictate to him. But she has threatened to leave St. John's. You know what that would mean to the poor next winter. I wish you would speak to him."

The mere suggestion dyed Nelly's cheeks a still more vivid red.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "I could not. Whatever made you think of that?"

"Miss Meddlebury says he is in love with you," he answered slyly. "If that is so, he wouldn't be likely to take offense."

"If he is, it has nothing to do with Miss Meddlebury," she rejoined with asperity. "How did she learn it? Why did she tell you?"

"I cannot answer the first question. Miss Meddlebury has the eyes of a lynx. She told me as an inducement to send Mr. Stone away. She thought I ought to be warned. You know she considers that every curate should be middle aged and as plain as a pikestaff."

"Papa, let Miss Meddlebury leave St. John's. We should all be happier. And perhaps the poor people wouldn't suffer much for the want of her $1,500. I could go around and collect for the fun."

"No, my dear, we must bear with her, for the sake of the widows and fatherless. I will send a note to Mr. Stone asking him to call this evening. When he comes, we will talk it over."

Mr. Stone never had a prior engagement when asked to spend an evening at the vicarage—at least he never pleaded one. It was rather late when he arrived, however, for he had been sitting with a sick woman and did not receive the vicar's note until 7 o'clock. He came on the offending bicycle, which he left in the garden.

The vicar introduced the bicycle almost at once, stating exactly what had passed between himself and Miss Meddlebury.

"I am rather surprised," said the curate, smiling. "But you did quite right to say that I would give it up, sir. I would give up almost anything rather than that a member of the church should be offended. Miss Meddlebury's $1,500 does not influence me. I should act just the same if she hadn't a penny to bestow in charity."

Nelly gave him a quick glance of admiration. The vicar rose from his chair and grasped him by the hand.

"That's the true Christian spirit," he cried. "I am glad."

"I am sorry that Miss Meddlebury does not like me," Mr. Stone went on after a pause. "I must try to win her over. As for the bicycle, as I came here on it I had better ride it home, but I shall probably get rid of it tomorrow."

The clock was striking 11 when the vicar suddenly pushed the board away, exclaiming:

"Dear me! I had no idea it was so late."

Mr. Stone rose at once and took his leave. To reach his lodgings it was necessary to pass Miss Meddlebury's fine house, which lay back a considerable distance from the road. As he went by he fancied he heard a shout. Applying the brake, he dismounted and listened. He had not been mistaken. Some one at Limes was calling for the police. The gate of the carriage drive was wide open. Pushing his machine before him, he ran it up to the house at his best speed.

"What is the matter?" he cried.

"Burglars," answered a voice at an open window. "They have taken my jewels and all my securities. I am ruined!"

He recognized Miss Meddlebury notwithstanding her deshabille. She came down in a dressing gown, greatly distressed.

"I heard a noise in my boudoir," she explained, "and getting out of bed I went to see what was the matter. There were two men. The window was open, and they had a ladder. I could not stop them, and they have taken my jewel box and all my securities, which I fetched from the bank this morning to check, as I do twice a year. They drove away in a trap. I saw them go."

"Which way?" cried the curate excitedly.

"To the right," was the reply.

"I'll follow them. My bicycle's outside. Send some one to the police station to give the alarm. The thieves are from Bedlington, no doubt."

A minute afterward the curate of St. John's was pedaling along the Bedlington road as fast as he could go. It was his first attempt at "scorching," and he made fair to shine at that dangerous pastime.

Swiftly, noiselessly, the pneumatic sped on, until the quick beats of the hoofs ahead became more audible to the cyclist as he rode. Nearer and nearer he drew, until at last the trap was in sight. The moon was shining brightly, and he could see that it contained two men and a boy.

It was a desolate part of the road with not a house in sight, but the village of Cranworth lay only a mile ahead, and the burglars must pass through it.

Gradually drawing up as the flickering lights came in view, he presently spurted past the trap without turning his head and dismounted as nearly in the center of the village as he could judge. At that hour the streets were deserted and most of the houses were in darkness. But Mr. Stone was an old "blue," and he felt himself more than a match for a couple of Bedlington thieves. The boy he did not count.

Mr. Stone had scarcely had time to get his wind before the trap was close upon him. Picking up a pebble, he shied it through the nearest lighted window to rouse the inmates, and springing at the horse's head caught hold of the reins.

Imprecations assailed his ears, blows were showered upon him with the whip, but he did not let go. The driver sprang to the ground and rushed at him. Still holding the horse with his left hand, he knocked the fellow down, never ceasing to shout: "Thieves! Thieves!"

The second man leaped from the trap to assist his companion, but he also received a knockdown blow. It all passed in a few seconds, but the villagers were aroused. Men came running from their cottages without coats or waistcoats, women with shawls thrown over their nightdresses. The boy escaped in the confusion, but both men were secured and handed over to the constable, who arrived in his stockings and trousers, and thus clad marched them to the lockup.

In the trap Mr. Stone found Miss Meddlebury's jewel case and the box in which she had placed the securities, both unopened. Having given the constable his name and address and promised to return early in the morning, that officer, a very young man, allowed him to depart with the plunder tied to the handle bar of his bicycle.

A mile from Cranworth he met a mounted policeman, followed by two more in a dogcart. Stopping them, he informed them of the capture of the burglars and rode on. The Limes was a blaze of light when he arrived. Dr. Gray's carriage stood at the door and a fussy police inspector stood on the doorstep.

"You can't go in, sir!" cried the functionary as the curate approached with the recovered valuables.

"That is immaterial," was the answer. "Perhaps you will give these boxes to Miss Meddlebury and assure her that the thieves are in custody at Cranworth."

"Why—why," cried the inspector, who had recognized the new curate of St. John's, "you don't mean to say, sir, that you've got the swag?"

"Yes, I do," said Mr. Stone; "all of it, I think. The locks do not appear to have been tampered with. Perhaps you will also be good enough to inform Miss Meddlebury that I overtook the burglars on my bicycle," he added, with a quiet laugh.

Soon after 10 o'clock the next morning Miss Meddlebury called at the vicarage. She had not quite got over the excitement of the previous evening, and a great deal of what she said was so incoherent that the vicar, who knew nothing of the burglary previous to her visit, could not make head or tail of it. But he had a very clear recollection of the most important of her rambling remarks.

"I do hope you haven't said anything to Mr. Stone about his bicycle. It would be sinful of me to object to his riding it after this. I am convinced that the purpose was good, and I am sorry that I said a word about it. And if Nelly likes him and they think of marrying, she shall not be a portionless bride. I shall make her a wedding present of a substantial character."

Miss Meddlebury was as good as her word—rather better, in fact. When, a few months later, Miss Nellie Armitage's engagement to her father's curate was announced and the wedding day fixed, that young lady received a very substantial gift in the shape of a check for $500.

Mr. Stone seldom rides his bicycle now. He is much more frequently to be seen on a tandem.—Answers.

Domesticating Owls.

With the aid of a companion I secured a number of owls and bore them to the upper story of the granary, a large room where they could fly about at night, were shielded from the rigors of winter and could supply their larder from the numerous mice that infested the place for the catching. Being strangers to the place and fearing they would not get enough to eat at first, I carried them pieces of fresh meat and fowl, which promptly disappeared after dark. Mice may have eaten them, but in the end the owls were not the losers, I take it. They soon lost their fear of us when approached by day and seemed to accept the situation as not so bad after all. Sitting silent and grave on the beams overhead, they passed the days in sleep and meditation. When approached at night with a light, they were wide awake and alert in their movements. They were liberated in the spring and a door left open that they might return at their will, which they often did. Having become in a manner domesticated, they flew about the lawn at night with little sense of fear.—J. H. Kennedy in Harper's Magazine.

PASSING OF TRADES.

FEATURES OF OLD TIME CITY LIFE THAT ARE FADING AWAY.

Changes Wrought by the Iconoclasm of Civilization — Itinerant Junk Dealers, Tinkers and Glass "Pud In" Men Give Way to Modern Methods.

"Ole rags! Ole iron! Ole rags! Ole iron!" Who does not remember the itinerant tradesman with lusty lungs who pushed his little cart, with its string of noisy, jangling bells, through the streets and alleys of the city and in strident voice announced his willingness to pay cash for the household refuse? Old papers, rags, empty bottles, scrap iron, discarded horseshoes, bottoms of dilapidated wash boilers—everything was of merchantable value with this accommodating individual. His sharp eyes never failed to discover some glaring defect that lowered the worth of the articles offered, and his scales were seldom in accord with those upon which the goods had been previously weighed; but, for all this, his visits were none the less welcome to the thrifty housewife and energetic small boy. Who is there that does not recall the dickerings and lively badinage on back steps or at area doors over the transfer of a lot of old junk? With what eager anticipation of his visits did the boys scour the neighborhood just before circus time, picking up papers and bottles and rags and iron until the streets and lots were as clean as a freshly swept barn floor!

It is a scant half dozen years since the old junkman was a prominent factor in household economy, but he is quickly passing away. Cheapening of production and new business methods have led to his undoing, and he is a character now rarely seen. New paper can be made so cheaply these days it does not pay to pick up the old, and the result is seen in badly littered streets and lots. There is no money in handling scrap iron, and as for bottles the new custom of blowing the names of the owners in the glass has made them contraband and dangerous to deal in. Nearly everything once salable as junk now goes into the ash box, to be carried away to the city dump, where a band of Italians make a little money out of it because they can get it for nothing. In place of the jollying, sharp dealing chap of old we now have an airy individual with a pretentious rig, who disdains to cry out his trade and confines his purchase to secondhand goods, for which he offers prices that cause the average housewife to turn up her nose in contempt.

And the traveling tinker—that idle, dissolute old fellow who used to go about with a kit of charcoal, furnace and soldering irons calling, "Tinware to mend," in a subdued tone, as if afraid he might really get a job—he, too, is gone. When tinware was dear, it was rarely thrown away so long as it could be soldered into serviceable shape, but the newfangled granite ware is fast driving tin out of use, and what little remains is so cheap that even the most economical of women do not hesitate to cast out a pan or a dipper at the first sign of a break or a leak. Tinware now forms but an insignificant part of kitchen furniture, and the traveling tinker, whose fame even poets of note were not above singing, has passed into obscurity.

The school children can no longer gather about him in crowds and watch with wondering awe his deft manipulation of pans and kettles with dislocated spouts and handles or sievelike bottoms, nor pursue him with mocking calls to rouse him to deeds of indignant retaliation. Vale the tinker, itinerant philosopher and friend of our childhood days! The generations to come will never know the pleasures of the confidential chats with which the urchins of 20 years ago were honored, nor hear in similar ways the marvelous tales of travels and adventures those interestingly mendacious rascals trolled out.

Then there was the "glass pud in" man—a patient toiler, generally a foreigner with Hebraic countenance, who roved about looking for odd jobs in repairing broken windows. His equipment of glass, putty and tools was carried in a crudely formed rack slung on his back, where it made an attractive target for the stones and bricks cast at him by rude gamins. Windows, for some reason, don't break as easily now as they did years ago, and there is less work for the itinerant glaziers. Besides this it is fast getting to be the custom to send for a regular mechanic when work of this kind is to be done, and as a natural result the "glass pud in" man is on the decline. In this instance it is a case of the survival of the fittest, for at his best this ancient character was a shabby chap. He had no redeeming features like the junk dealer or tinker—he brought no circus money to the boys and was devoid of interesting yarns. The most that can be said for him is that his visits were marked for several days afterward by the suspicious supply of putty the neighborhood youngsters had for blowpipe purposes. Housewives accused the itinerant glazier of botching his work, making exorbitant charges and carrying away the broken bits of glass he removed from the sashes upon which he was called to operate. He had no timely gossip to retail while doing a job, and his services were only in demand in cases of emergency.—Chicago Tribune.

Dr. Fahrney's Big Book.

Of "biggest books in the world" there is no end, but it is believed that the blank book of greatest weight, size and bulk belongs to an eccentric physician of Baltimore, one Dr. Fahrney. It was made in Chicago in 1891. It weighs exactly 280 pounds and 7 ounces and has leaves made of the very best rope manilla. The cover of this giant of books weighs 50 pounds and is provided with two complicated padlocks. The book cost the doctor $65.—Boston Journal.

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CAPTURING AN EAGLE.

A Young Bird That Was Caught For a Pet In Southern Arizona.

In St. Nicholas, Wolcott Le Clear Beard writes of "Moses, a Tame Eagle," one of his pets while he was engaged in engineering in southern Arizona. Mr. Beard gives the following account of its capture:

I saw on the rounded top of one of the giant cacti with which these deserts are thickly studded an eagle the like of which, though familiar with the fowls of that region, I had never before seen, and I may here add that we never did with any certainty discover the species to which she belonged. I rode near to get a better view, but she desired no closer acquaintance, for, after unfolding her wings once or twice in a hesitating sort of manner as I approached, she finally spread them and flew heavily away, a couple of pistol shots from the wagon having only the effect of increasing her speed. The cactus on which she had been resting was a very fair sample of the largest variety in the world of that interesting plant. Of the thickness of a man's body, it rose straight from the ground, a beautiful fluted column of vivid apple green, to a height of 25 feet, where a cluster of branches nearly as thick as the parent stem grew out from it and turned upward, while the main trunk, without a bend, rose several feet higher.

Between two of these branches and the trunk there was built a nest of good sized sticks, about twice as large as a bushel basket, and on this my eyes happened to be resting when the noise of the shots brought above its edge a little head covered with grayish yellow fuzz, out of which peered two big round eyes with an air of anxious inquiry.

In that desert country, far from railways and towns, we led rather dull lives, so the several pets we possessed in the big permanent camp miles away served in no small measure to amuse us, and to these we wished to add our young friend of the cactus. But how to get him down was a problem.

Somebody suggested that a volunteer climb the cactus, but no one thrust himself forward to do so. The Spanish name by which it is known is sujuarro, which, put into English, means "that which scratches," and as the spines which thickly cover the outer edges of the ridges are from one to four inches long and as sharp as needles it will be seen that the name gives a good idea of the plant.

We did not like to cut it down, for fear the fall might injure the fledgling, but after some debate no better method presented itself, so the two axmen set to work. As the first blows made the green shaft tremble, the head appeared once more, trying, with an expression of concern, to see what was going on below, but this the thick sides of the nest prevented. Then it looked at me and said, "Jark!" This was the first remark Moses ever made to us and there was no time for more then, for the axes had eaten through the pulpy mass, which now began to bend to its fall.

As the nest tilted we could see the thick body belonging to the head, with two big claws clutching wildly, while the weak, featherless wings flapped madly in an instinctive effort to support their owner.

The cactus came down with a crash, and, running up, we looked for our bird, but only a little gray down was visible, with one leg helplessly extended from under a big branch which, broken by the shock, had fallen across and almost hid him. We feared he was killed, but when by means of an axhead hooked around the prickly stuff it was pulled aside he gathered himself together, quite unhurt, and then, surveying the strange beings who surrounded him, made up his mind to them with that philosophy we later learned to be one of his traits, and opening his great mouth to its fullest extent hinted that he was hungry and wanted something to eat.

Fool Killing.

The condition of mind which is favorable to mysticism, superstition and reverie is unfavorable to life, and the continuance of such conditions leads to death. On the billboard across the street I saw just now the advertisement of a lecture on the "ethical value of living in two worlds at once." Whoever thus lives in two worlds is certain soon to prove inadequate for either.

If all men sought healing from the blessed handkerchief of the lunatic or from contact with old bones or old clothes; if all physicians used "revealed remedies" or the remedies nature finds for such disease; if all business were conducted by faith; if all supposed "natural rights" of man were made the basis of legislation; if all the protean phases of that which Zangwill has cleverly called the "higher foolishness" were worked out in action, the insecurity of these beliefs would speedily appear. Not only civilization but civilized man himself would vanish from the earth. The safe shelter of the cave and hollow tree would be the cradle of the new man and the new woman. The long and bloody road of progress through fool killing would for centuries be traversed again. The fool lives in society only by sufferance of the sane; the weak, by the altruism of the strong. That is strong which endures. Might does not make right, but that which is right will justify itself by becoming might. What we call social virtues are the elements of race stability.—David Starr Jordan in Popular Science Monthly.

Full Price.

Mrs. Skrimper—One can never believe one-half that is said in advertisements. Biasfold & Tating had an advertisement in yesterday's paper saying that everything was marked down.

Mrs. Barganhunter—Yes, I saw it.

Mrs. Skrimper—Well, it was false. I bought two postage stamps there this morning and I had to pay as much as ever for them.—Boston Transcript.

Palmistry.

By palmistry one is supposed to be able to discover the character. Each little line or lump upon the palm, it is said, stands for some quality or attribute of the individual. It is even asserted that destiny itself, not just the fate insured by character, but the positive facts of the future, may be read in the hand. Whether this be directly so, however, it is without doubt true that in the practice of palmistry one may indirectly arrive at many safe and sound conclusions concerning character. Just notice, the next time you happen to be present where palm reading is in full blast, how easily you can detect the wishes and vanities of each subject—how conscious they all, the most composed of them, look at the mention of certain alleged revelations, how hopeful at the hint of future opportunities, and how invariably downcast they appear when the oracle goes against the grain of their aspirations in any way. The lines on the palm may be liable to misinterpretation, but there's no mistaking the emotions that they arouse.

Another test of character that palmistry provides concerns her who does the reading. Of course under strictly professional conditions this doesn't appear to such telling advantage, but in the drawing room atmosphere, with her own friends or at least her social confreres as subjects, there it is that the true nature of the palmist is revealed. If she be a bit of a diplomat, how it shines forth, while tact, savoir faire, and, above all, the ability to flatter, play a by no means insignificant part. There are, of course, drawing room palmists who are devoid of those qualities, whose love for scientific accuracy is such as to interfere with any ulterior or personal motive, but this shines forth just as plainly as the other thing. The only thing, though, is that it does not often get the chance so to shine, as, very naturally, she is rarely to be seen. It's the tactful diplomat of a palmist who is the most popular.—New York Sun.

Fulton's First Fare.

There was one little incident in Robert Fulton's life about which few people know and which Fulton never forgot. It took place shortly before the return trip of his famous boat's voyage by steam up the Hudson river. At the time all Albany flocked to the wharf to see the strange craft, but so timorous were they that few cared to board her. One gentleman, however, not only boarded her, but sought out Fulton, whom he found in the cabin, and the following conversation took place:

"This is Mr. Fulton, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you return to New York with this boat?"

"We shall try to get back, sir."

"Have you any objection to my returning with you?"

"If you wish to take your chances with us, sir, I have no objection."

"What is the fare?"

After a moment's hesitation Fulton replied, "Six dollars." And when that amount was laid in his hand he gazed at it a long time, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks. Turning to the passenger, he said:

"Excuse me, sir, but this is the first pecuniary reward I have received for all my exertion in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion with a little dinner, but I am too poor now even for that. If we meet again, I trust it will not be the case."

As history relates, the voyage terminated successfully. Four years later Fulton was sitting in the cabin of the Clermont, then called the North River, when a gentleman entered. Fulton glanced at him and then sprang up and gladly shook his hand. It was his first passenger, and over a pleasant little dinner Fulton entertained his guest with the history of his success and ended with saying that the first actual recognition of his usefulness to his fellow men was the $6 paid to him by his first passenger.—Harper's Round Table.

The Yellow Badge.

"Isn't it delightful," remarked the true woman, "when you are asked to dinner and find that the table has rose colored lamps?"

"I don't see it," answered the true man. "What difference do the rose lamps make?"

"If that isn't just like a man!" she retorted. "Rose shades make one's complexion exquisite. You have never been to a Princeton dinner evidently. Yellow does make a charming table—nothing prettier, in fact. But we poor women! Under saffron lamps it is the yellow badge of courage."—Philadelphia Press.

WIND JAMMING DAYS.

AN OLD MARINER'S TALES OF BRAVERY IN WRECK.

"On My Honor as a Sailor, I Won't Leave You," Said the Captain to a Swede Sailor. Bravery and Pathos In the Sea Business of the Old Days.

"Bah!" he said. "You have a lot to learn, young man. You have as much sentiment in your construction as this stick I carry.

"The idea of a youth like you trying to tell me that there is as much bravery and pathos attached to seafaring now as there was when I was master of a wind jammer! You probably believe that you are correct in your statement; but, man alive, you are making a fool of yourself. Here in these days you have lifeboats big and stout enough to carry an army of men. You have steam to manipulate the falls, patent davits to swing clear. No lowering away by hands and no getting them back over the side with every pound of flesh a-pulling. New fangled guns for throwing a life line, rafts that won't go to pieces in the first chop of a sea, cork jackets that need no instruction cards, but which go on like a man's vest; pumps that are rusty for want of use, seamless plates and dozens of other inventions in these days. Where were they in the old times?

"Let me tell you something. I don't say but that there are many brave and gallant mariners in the business now. But the old shipwreck meant more in the matter of life taking than the shipwreck of today does. Did you ever hear tell of a sailor of the old school trying to get into a boat before the passengers were out of danger? You needn't say you have, because you have not. Why, the only ones who ever attempt anything of that kind are stokers and firemen and rowdies who have the impudence to call themselves sailors.

"I remember the case of a shore loafer named Holmes, who tried a shenanigan like that. He was afterward tried in the United States circuit court at Philadelphia and was convicted of manslaughter. He was one of 30 shipwrecked persons who took to the long boat, which was greatly overloaded and constantly in danger of sinking. Well, this beach rat Holmes and some more of Abraham's men threw overboard 16 passengers, two of whom were women, to lighten the boat. The court held that a sailor is bound by law, if necessary, to sacrifice his life to save the life of passengers. Furthermore the court held that while two sailors might struggle with each other for the possession of the same plank which could save but one, if a passenger were on the plank even the law of necessity would not justify the sailors in taking it from him. You do not think much of that law? Well, it is the law of God. It is also the law of duty.

"Did you ever hear of the case of Captain Nutman of the ship Aidar? He was a good sailor and a gallant master and no matter what many may think, it is possible to be both. His ship foundered, but he refused to be taken off. Do you know why he refused to be taken off? There was an injured man on board, and while the old timbers were going to pieces under his very feet he knelt down and said to the man:

"'I won't leave you, lad. On my honor as a sailor I won't.'

"On his honor as a sailor he would not leave him. Have you ever heard of anything more touchingly honest? Captain Nutman went down with his ship, but managed to hold on to his man and to get to the bottom of an upturned boat, from which they were afterward rescued. It was a month or so after that when a townsman asked Captain Nutman what the name of the rescued man was.

"'Why, I never inquired,' he said. 'He just signed articles in the regular way. I may have heard it then, but I do not know it now. He was a Swede, that's all I know of him.'

"The friend shook his head in astonishment as he inquired:

"'What! A Swede? Take all that chance for a Swede?'

"Why, yes, even for a Swede. I didn't care whether he was a Swede or a Laplander. He was a good sailor and would have done the same for me had things been reversed."

"Nor is that all, young man. There was a shipwreck about 1845, but the name of the craft has escaped my memory. The crew took to one boat, which was overcrowded. A noble Newfoundland, the pet of the ship, swam alongside the boat. All the men turned their eyes sadly upon him, but they knew there was no room for him in that boat. The captain loved that dog better than he loved his life, and he stood up in the boat as he took off his coat and said:

"'I cannot see him die like this. Give him my place in the boat. I can hold on to the plank, and he cannot.'

"There was a chorus of dissent, and one of the sailors struck the brute over the head with the blade of an oar, while another pulled his sheath knife.

"'Don't hurt him,' said the captain kindly, but firmly.

"'Order him away, then,' growled several of the men. 'He will swamp us all.'

"The captain hesitated a minute, waved his arm in the air and said, 'Back, Prince!' and the faithful brute swam back in the direction in which the vessel had disappeared beneath the surface. Where do you find such pathos in the sea business now? Give me the old sailor every time."

And he hobbled up Beaver street as the young mariner dived into William street.—New York Mail and Express.

All He Asked.

"And do you really want to be my son?" asked the widow Mullins of young Spudds, who had asked for her daughter's hand.

"I can't say that I do," replied the truthful suitor. "I want to be Helen's husband."

FERRYBOATS.

The Kind That Were In Use a Hundred Years Ago.

The horse boats between the cities of New York and Brooklyn may be cited as early attempts to solve the problem of transport by water. An interesting feature of these early constructions was the use of a water wheel 12 feet or so in diameter, with 24 floats, the latter inclined slightly to the radius so as to avoid the lifting of the water, which is so troublesome a feature of the radial float. These horse boats appear to have been of three general designs. In the first a frame, shaped somewhat like the letter "A" or an inverted "U," was mounted to turn around its vertical axis. Four of these frames, dividing the circle into eight parts, made a sort of skeleton cone, and this cone was caused to revolve by eight horses moving in a horizontal circular path about 20 feet in diameter. The face gear, 15 feet in diameter, drove a three foot pinion mounted upon the axis on the water wheel shaft and the wheels were within the frame in an opening between half hulls.

The second plan was of a conical skeleton frame at an incline of about one in two, so that the horses had to travel up this inclined surface, causing it to rotate with their weight and traction.

In the third plan—a smaller design—the paddle wheels were brought into a well between the two half hulls of the boat, catamaran fashion, as in the first arrangement, and the frame was mounted above the wheels, and its rotating motion was transmitted by intermediate idle wheels to the water wheel shaft. Boats of the first and second class seem to have been about 75 feet long.

It is interesting also to observe that the swinging bridge for ferryboat service had been already thought out by Fulton early in this century, with its counterweight construction and its windlass for making the boats fast. Such boats seem to have drawn a little over two feet of water and to have had perfectly flat bottoms, like scows.—Professor F. R. Hutton in Cassier's Magazine.

SHELBY AND THE PRESIDENT

How He Clinched His Appointment as United States Marshal.

"One of General Shelby's saving traits was his ability to say exactly the right thing to the right man in the right place. A heavy fight was made on him when he was a candidate for the marshalship. His opponents had told President Cleveland that Shelby had been concerned in the assassination of the officers of Cass county who had issued some railway bonds against the wishes of the people. Shelby prepared himself with affidavits from leading citizens and went to Washington. Disdaining assistance, he obtained a personal interview with Mr. Cleveland. When he entered the executive office, Representative Dockery, the banker at Gallatin, one of his bitterest opponents, was present.

"'I have been accused of assassination, Mr. President,' said General Shelby, 'and have been informed that the appointment to the United States marshalship for the western district of Missouri hinges upon that charge. In justice to a Democrat I want you to examine these papers at your leisure.'

"'You have been correctly informed, General Shelby,' said the president. 'That charge has been made. I will look at your papers.'

"Congressman Dockery interjected a remark. 'I will bid you good morning, Mr. President,' said the general. 'There is nothing that man'—pointing to Dockery—'can say to me in this office or in your presence. There are many places in which he can meet me if he desires.'

"There was a distinct challenge in his manner and glance, but it never came to anything. Within an hour Mr. Cleveland caused General Shelby to be informed that he would be given the appointment. The entire business was settled in less than half a day. It was the guiding principle of General Shelby's life to go straight for anything that he wanted and straight against anything that he didn't like."—Detroit Free Press.

Mexican Railroads.

Charles H. Clark of the Hartford Courant, now traveling in Mexico, writes: "One custom prevails on this road that The Courant has long urged for Connecticut. Wherever they kill a man they put up a black cross. You see them all along the road; here 1, there 3; at one spot are 14. Take Connecticut, with its 1,100 grade crossings and its annual butcheries, and before long we would have such an array of crosses that the grade crossing would have to go. Here, of course, the road is the rarity. No fence pens in the railroad. If anything is on the track, the engine removes it. A train hand told me that, one trip being late, they hurried, and in consequence killed three steers and five burros in eight hours. All along the track are skeletons stripped by the turkey buzzards and whitened by the sun. But cattle are as plenty as they are big down this way."

Qualified Encouragement.

"Young man," said Senator Sorghum to the protege who had been promised an appointment, "I shall not congratulate you, but there is one thing I desire to say."

"What is that?"

"If you display anything like the energy and anxiety in filling this position that you showed in getting it you can't help being a brilliant success."—Washington Star.

Mohammed's Mare.

The mare which conveyed Mohammed from earth to the seventh heaven was named Borak. She was milk white had the wings of an eagle and a human face, with horse's cheeks. Every pace she took was equal to the farthest range of human sight. This was one of the ten animals admitted to the Mohammedan paradise.

Some Facts About Nansen.

Dr. Nansen's first intention as to his calling in life was to study medicine. With the idea of taking the medical examination at Nordmarken, he began to study zoology, and at the suggestion of Professor Collett, in 1881 or thereabout, he shipped aboard a sealing vessel—the Viking—to train himself for descriptive zoological research. During this trip the Viking was for some weeks caught in the ice off the eastern coast of Greenland, and Nansen became filled with the desire to cross that inhospitable country. Even then he wanted to go ashore and explore, but could not get permission. But he hunted seals and polar bears and took note of everything. He brought back with him a settled purpose to return to Greenland and cross it to the western coast.

Meanwhile, by the help of Professor Collett, he got the place of curator of the Bergen museum, which he held for four or five years, studying meanwhile in his favorite branches of science for his doctor's degree. Three months in 1886 he spent in study at the zoological school at Naples. In 1887 he began preparations for the attempt to cross Greenland from the east coast on snowshoes. He applied to the Norwegian government for $1,500 toward the expense of this trip, but was refused. A Danish gentleman, however, sent him that much money, and he added twice as much of his own (it was afterward raised by subscription and refunded to him). In the spring of 1888 he took his doctor's degree at Christiania, and on May 10 sailed with five companions from Leith, Scotland, for Iceland, in the Danish steamer Thyra. On July 17 they left the vessel near Cape Dan.

On Sept. 27 they reached Ameralik fiord on the west coast, and on Oct. 3 Nansen and Sverdrup reached Godthaab, one of the Danish colonies. There their comrades joined them. They got a ship home the following April and arrived in Copenhagen on May 21, 1889. It was the first time Greenland had been crossed. Previous attempts had been made from the west coast, and the baffled explorers had put back. Nansen's idea was to have safety ahead instead of behind. There was no turning back, because there was nothing to return to. The successful explorers got a warm welcome home, and Nansen became famous and wrote a narrative of the trip.—Harper's Weekly.

He Drew the Line.

While some of the members of the local bar were entertaining an attorney from North Carolina he told this among a good many other professional experiences:

"Though our mountain people are not educated, no Yankee can beat them in a dicker or go after a dollar with greater avidity. A rich young fellow from our place went up among them for a time to take on some health, and while there paid more attention than he really meant to one of the few beauties that live there. She was a creature of magnificent proportions, naturally brilliant and as relentless of purpose as any moonshiner that ever went after a revenue officer. She sought to recover $10,000 damages for breach of promise, and I had the young man's case.

"On the trial the girl made a star witness. When I asked her point blank if he had ever proposed to her, she replied that he had not in so many words, but his every action, look, even his tones, was a proposal. She admitted that she had not gone into a decline because of his inconstancy, but graphically pictured months of agony, unrequited longing and wounded pride. It looked bad for us.

"At this stage of the case a lank six footer from the mountains came to me and whispered that he wanted to be called as my first witness. He sternly declined to answer questions till on the stand, but reckoned that his word was good that he would pull the young fellow through.

"All I ever asked him was his name, and you couldn't have stopped him with a gun. He was the girl's husband. He had married her a week after the young man left the mountains. He had consented to her bringing the suit in her maiden name and saying nothing about her being a wife. 'But if it's so,' he roared, 'that she's been a mournin an a pinin an a dyin afteh this heah dude critteh I ask th' cowt fuh a divo'ce.'

"The girl rushed to his arms. She sobbed that she never loved another. The case was won for me, but she young man never goes to the mountains or makes any miscellaneous bestowal of his affections."—Detroit Free Press.

Each Undid Himself.

"I was in Oklahoma when the first legislature passed the hanging law. The man that introduced the bill was I. N. Terrill. He was next door to a border ruffian, but he was a dramatic speaker, could make an impressive amount of noise, and had his measure enacted.

"While the laws of the session were being codified the clerks on the work were startled by a pistol shot on the street, and, looking out the window, saw Terrill standing with a smoking revolver over a citizen he had killed. He was the first man to be sentenced under the new act. Had he paid the penalty he would have been the example of a man who made a law to hang himself, but influence and new trials got him off with 12 years in the penitentiary.

"But that is not all. At the third session of the legislature an attempt was made to repeal the law. Harry St. John, chairman of the committee on jurisprudence, opposed this movement and held the report of the committee back. On the last day the house made an imperative demand for the report, but St. John coolly put it into his pocket, left the building and did not return until the session had expired by limitation."

"And what happened to him?"

"He went to his home in Oklahoma City, and within a few days came the terrible news that he had murdered his wife. You may call it fate, justice, accident, what you please, but it happened."—Detroit Free Press.

Society Directory

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There was a brief but engrossing incident in a woman's life the other day, and she has not realized yet the full details of a situation which stunned her completely for the few minutes it lasted. She had gone into one of the big department stores up town and was standing at a counter waiting for the girl to attend to her. Then she felt a woman's hand in her pocket. Involuntarily she seized her skirt and was fortunate enough to catch the woman's hand. This happened in a second, and none of the women about her had noticed the incident. The pickpocket struggled to free her hand, while the other woman clung to her wrist not with any desire to arrest her or even to retain her, but merely with the feeling that she was doing something. Neither had spoken a word. The first to act was the pickpocket. Her hand was still held, and, with a pretense of grasping the other woman's hand, she cried out:

"This woman is trying to rob me."

Everybody turned to look at the two, and in her astonishment the woman let go the thief's hand. The thief drew her hand suddenly out of the pocket, and while those about them were gaping at the innocent woman she darted through and escaped. The other woman's head swam, and there was a dark shadow in front of her eyes for a second. But the women about her realized the true situation in a moment, and their sympathy was all for her. They helped her to recover her composure and get into the open air as soon as possible.—New York Sun.

Sure Test.

She—You are always talking about the fashions. Now, honestly, do you think you would know the latest fashion in hats if you were to enter a milliner's?

He—Certainly.

She—How?

He (ruefully)—By looking at the prices.—Comic Cuts.

Suburban Deficiencies.

"Why don't you keep chickens, Cresslots?"

"My neighbors are lacking in amiability."—Chicago Record.

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ESTATE OF CHARLES McGOURTY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Charles McGourty, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1897, being the 17th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, March 31, 1897.
HUGH P. McGOURTY, Administrator.
P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

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